Every Week

3¢

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January 6, 1917

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In 1917—Save Some Money!

It is now the fashion of magazines to give their readers reproductions of famous pictures.

I give you, as my contribution, this picture from that excellent newspaper, the Detroit *News*.

I ask you to make it your special art study for 1917—to hang it, not in your parlor, but in your bedroom, where you will see it morning and night.

It is a complete panorama of American life.

Notice the man with the motor-cycle income: see how heetically he is traveling to keep up with the man with the automobile income.

Why is he doing it? Because he enjoys traveling so fast? Not at all.

Because he is afraid that if he does not travel so fast people will think that he is slow.

The curse of American life is that only one man in a thousand has the courage to live his life independently, without regard to what other people say or think.

James B. Duke was that one man in one thousand. He was not afraid of being thought different.

When his income was $50,000 a year, he still lived in a little bit of an apartment in uptown New York, and ate his meals at an inexpensive restaurant, putting back into his business everything he could save.

No doubt the neighbors thought him queer: but out of his queerness came one of the greatest businesses in America.

Hugh Chalmers was doubtless considered queer by the boys who found he was saving money out of his $5 salary.

And a lot of those same boys are working for Hugh to-day.

I am a great believer in luxuries—automobiles and motor-cycles and all the rest—in saving up and having the fun of buying the things *you can afford*.

But the most foolish luxury in the world is the luxury of PRETENSE—*of trying to travel at a twin-six rate on a two-cylinder income; of doing things because other people do them; of being afraid that folks will think you queer.*

We are on the threshold of what will probably be the most prosperous year the United States has ever known.

The wise family will take counsel with itself at the beginning of this new year. It will find some way to open a bank account and add to it regularly week by week.

When the panic time comes—as soon or late it surely will—and stocks go down, that wise family will invest its money in securities that will greatly increase in value when the good times come back again.

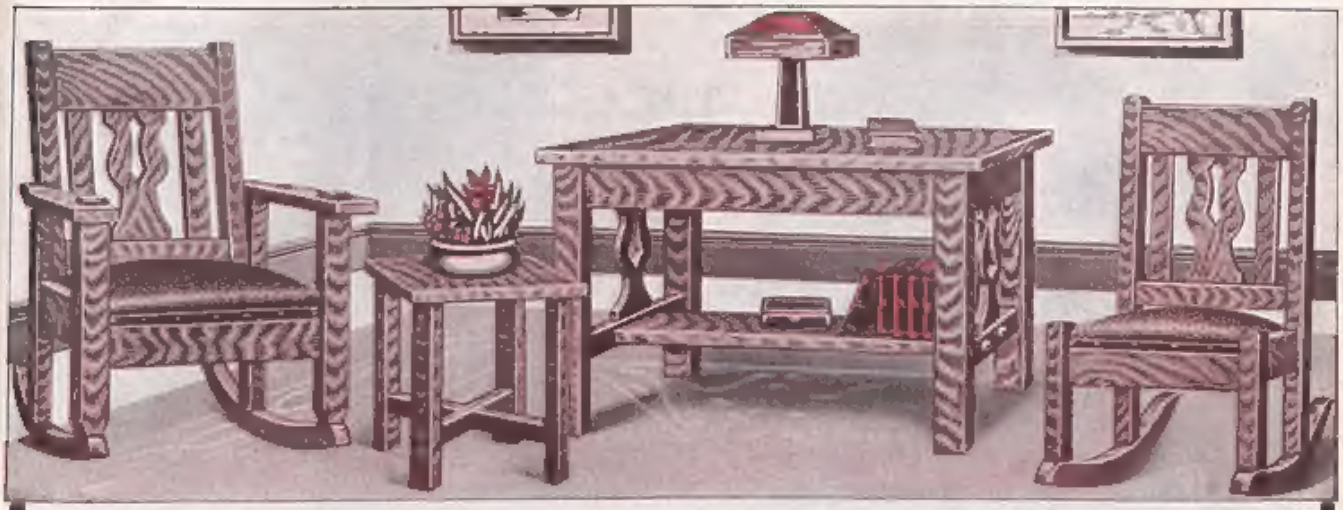
The foolish family will look over its expenses and find no possible way to save without doing something that people would think queer.

It will go aimlessly along, doing as other folks do.

And the good days will pass and the panic years come, and the foolish family will look about them piteously and complain.

"Some people," they will say, "have all the luck."

Bruce Barton, Editor.



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THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

"OF such is the kingdom of heaven," says the Bible, referring to little children. But it has taken the world a long time to come around to that point of view. Among the natives of New Guinea, even in very recent times it was still the practise to bury children alive when the parents died—the excuse being that the child would be needed to wait on the parent in the other world.

Photograph by Alice Boughton

AND among the pagan Arabs, as George H. Perris tells us, infant daughters were usually buried alive at their birth, the excuse being that it cost too much to marry them. "There was never any dissembling the fact that the birth of a daughter was considered a great misfortune."

Photograph by Alice Boughton

"AMONG the Milanese Dyaks," says Mr. Parve sends, in "The Child in Human Progress," "when the largest house was being erected, a deep hole was dug and a slave girl was placed in it. An enormous timber was then allowed to descend on her and crush her to death."

Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals, Inc.

AND even "as late as 1845, in Germany, when a new bridge was being built at Halle, the common people fancied that a child was wanted to be walled into the foundations. According to Grimm, the tower called the Rechenstein Castle was built on a live child, and a projecting stone marks the place. If that were pulled out, the wall, it is said, would tumble down."

Photograph by Alice Boughton

IT was not until the Christian religion began to make its influence felt on the world that the treatment of children began to improve. Even Constantine was compelled to issue edicts against the inhuman practises of his time; and all through the Middle Ages the battle was constant between the church and the ancient cruel customs that regarded the child as entirely the property of its parents, to be dealt with as they should see fit.

Photograph by Alice Boughton

BUT, from Constantine's time on, the position of women in society, and with it the position of children, has constantly improved. The child-labor law, recently passed, is only one evidence that the world has at last begun to realize that it can move forward only as fast as it is able to raise up better, happier children. A pretty certain method to measure the civilization of any age in history or of any nation is to ask: "How does it treat its children?"

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Every Week

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WHAT CHANCE HAS THE OFFICE-BOY?

By B. C. FORBES

DO heads of great organizations take an interest in their office-boys, noting whether they do good work or poor work?

Do they!

Read this, from J. Ogden Armour, the head of an enterprise that does two million dollars' worth of business *every day*, and the largest individual employer of labor in the world—some 40,000 men, women, and boys:

"The most important thing in the running of the whole Armour & Co. business is the selecting, the training, and the promotion of office-boys; for our office-boys of to-day are our department heads to-morrow.

"Office-boys are the raw human material from which we must make the finished product, the executives upon whom devolve the responsibility of running the business, the men who rise to the top and draw princely salaries.

"Our office-boys, you will thus see, are among our most precious assets. Yes, we do take an interest in them."

Largely by judicious selection and moulding of the brightest office-boys, Armour & Co. has multiplied its business five-fold in the last fifteen years.

When I asked John G. Shedd, the veteran president of Marshall Field & Co. of Chicago, the largest dry goods concern in the world,—employing in busy seasons more than 15,000 people,—if his house took a keen interest in its boys, he swept his arm toward a gallery of portraits adorning his office wall and exclaimed:

"There, on that wall, you see every partner Marshall Field ever had. Not one of them started with the house above $10 a week, and two of the most notable and successful of them all began, one at $4 and the other at $2.50.

"We have twenty-five or thirty men drawing salaries ranging from $25,000 to $50,000 a year. Who are they? Where did they come from? Why, in nearly every case they came here as boys—office-boys, errand-boys, and so on.

"Every executive, from myself down, takes the greatest interest in looking out for boys that show the right kind of qualities. We seldom go outside our own organization for a man to fill a high-salaried position."

How to Tell a Good Office-Boy

I WAS upstairs in J. P. Morgan & Co.'s office the other day. On a previous visit I had been discussing with H. P. Davison, a member of the firm, the question of whether heads of enterprises took enough interest in their office-boys to be able to discern which ones were worth promoting and which were mediocre.

"I had a striking illustration of what I was telling you last time you were here," said Mr. Davison, when he entered the room. "I came off the elevator a little while ago, and three office-boys were sitting in their places on a bench. They merely glanced up, saw me coming along, and immediately resumed their conversation. Not one of them paid the slightest heed to whether I wanted anything or not.

"When I came off the elevator just now three boys were again sitting on the bench. One of them was watching to see if anybody would get off the elevator. The instant he saw me he jumped to his feet, stood smartly at attention, ready to do at once whatever might be asked of him. He looked at me as I came toward them, keen to be of service. As it happened, I didn't want anything; but I appreciated his willingness, his alertness, his business-like department. The other two fellows were too busy talking to bother about whether I or any one else wanted them to do anything."

The subject of boys lies very close to the heart of Mr. Davison; for he had to fight his own way, unaided by influence or money, from the position of office-boy to a partnership in the greatest international banking firm in America, where his talents are universally recognized as scarcely second to those of the founder of the house, the late J. P. Morgan.

"I have made a study of boys for years," Mr. Davison went on, when I asked him to give some pointers to office-boys and others on how to succeed. "The difference between success and failure is, in principle, so slight that it is hardly possible to define it in words. But let two boys come into this office, and it takes me a very short time to find out which one is to succeed—if only one of the two is to succeed.

"If one boy is on his toes, courteous, thoughtful, seeking to anticipate always what he can do to help most in any situation, and the other boy sits on his seat and does just what he is told and not until he is told, even if the second boy who holds fast to his seat may be the smarter, brighter, and better educated, he will not get ahead as well as the alert, willing boy.

"Boys often think, especially in a large office or establishment, that they are not observed and their conduct known. That may be true in some cases; but I think it is the rarest exception where each boy is not observed and rewarded according to his merit.

"I might add that I believe the greatest opportunities for boys are to be found in the large fields. If you want to make money, go where money is. If you want to get into business in a big way, go where business is done in a big way."

Theodore N. Vail, the aged, philosophical head of the Bell Telephone System, which cobwebs the United States, devotes much of his fortune and most of his leisure to helping boys and girls to fit themselves for the battle of life. He has been instrumental in building up two very important educational institutions near his enormous farm in northern Vermont, where thousands of young people receive both book-learning and practical instruction in agriculture, housekeeping, and other useful arts and industries.

Nothing pleases the president of the "Telephone Trust" better than to see his office-boys forging ahead.

"I take note of the office-boys around me," he remarked, "and bright lads are constantly disappearing from the office-boy ranks. Quite a number of them learn stenography and typewriting; others will study law; while still others may take up technical courses—all of which leads to their promotion to other departments. Time and again, when I have sent for expert information and advice, the man who comes to my office to give me it is one of my ex-office-boys. The company's counsel was one of my office-boys many years ago.

"The office-boy of to-day has twenty times as many opportunities as his predecessor of a generation or two ago enjoyed. Any boy or youth with normal brains and abnormal industry can rise to a position paying him a salary paid only to comparatively few men in the whole country forty years ago."

The Way One Office-Boy Problem Was Settled

A NEW YORK concern was constantly having trouble with its office-boys and messengers. Almost every week some of them would quit. The disorganization thus caused and injurious consequences all through the organization; for things that ought to have been attended to promptly and properly were neglected, with sometimes very serious results.

A very high-priced man was brought into the business. He was given no position, no title, no specific work. He received no mail. He wrote no letters to customers. He was simply to be an onlooker at first, and then an advisor. That was two years ago. His worth to the concern is now valued and paid for at the rate of six figures a year. He effected many reforms; but what he did to solve the office-boy problem is the only thing that need interest us here.

He got all the boys together, and in a friendly, informal way said to them:

"You boys don't seem to be very well satisfied. Tell me what's the matter."

"We don't get enough pay," piped up one fellow.

"Well, now, how would you like to fix your own pay? How would you like to

decide for yourselves just how much your work is worth."

They looked at him, and their gestures seemed to say: "Are you kidding us?"

"I suppose," he went on, "you will agree that some of you can work faster, think faster, and walk faster than the others, and that those who do most should get better wages than fellows who do less?"

There were nods and murmurs of assent.

"All right. I want you to divide yourselves into three groups—three grades: A boys, B boys, and C boys. I will give you slips, and you will vote for five A boys, five B boys, and five C boys. The A boys will get the highest pay, the B boys next, and the C boys the lowest rate." He named the different rates of pay and asked: "Is this a go? Do you want to try this plan?"

They looked at one another, did a little confabbing, and then enthusiastically told him, "Yes, sir."

They were then given voting slips. At the same time the manager of the boys was asked to write down his selections. The count showed that there was only one difference between the boys' selections and those of their manager.

Since then this company has had no office-boy or messenger-boy trouble on its hands. Only A boys are eligible for promotion to the higher positions, and this paves the way for a B boy and also a C boy stepping up one rung of the ladder.

James Forgan's Advice to Boys

ONE of the most successful handlers of boys and young men in America has been James B. Forgan, now head of the First National Bank of Chicago. Years ago Mr. Forgan was in the Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis, and made a name for himself by his successful picking of the right kind of candidates for positions in the institution.

"Yes," said Mr. Forgan, when I questioned him about this; "I took a great deal of pride in the selection of young men entering the bank. I became friendly with the principal of the high school, and asked him to suggest likely young men. In this way we built up an exceptionally fine force, the result of which is that the young men then engaged are now at the head of the institution.

"I used to take the boys into my office and impress upon them that their ambition should be to become bankers, not mere machines or bookkeepers; that they should keep their eyes open to everything that was going on, and endeavor to understand what the figures they made on the books actually represented. I also pointed out to them that they should be observers of men, and that they could form opinions of the business methods of the bank's customers and of the other business men on whom they had drafts to collect on their rounds as messengers. By exercising intelligence they could see things and gather information and impressions which might be of value to the bank's officers."

Captain Dollar, the veteran founder and still active head of the Dollar Steamship Company of San Francisco, and one of the most notable figures in the country's lumber trade, who started life as cook's boy in a Canadian lumber camp, and who at seventeen could not multiply or divide the simplest sums, was asked, when he was visiting New York a few weeks ago, if he could name a capable man for an important position in a company run by one of his friends.

"If I knew of such a man I would grab him myself," he told his friend. Then he explained to me: "The hardest job in managing a big business is to find men big enough to run it."

"Do you personally take any pains to develop your office-boys, the ones that are made of the right stuff?" I asked him.

"Indeed I do," he replied. "We do our best to find likely boys. We help them all we can at the start, and try to develop the best that is in them. In two months, as a rule, we can judge whether a boy will ever amount to anything or not. Those that are no good we quietly let go. We don't keep drones."

No boys are more painstakingly developed than those who enter the National City Bank of New York. Every boy must attend the bank's educational classes. After six months he must take an examination. If he passes, his pay is at once increased. If he fails, he is talked to in a fatherly, stimulating way by the high-salaried, large-hearted humanitarian in charge of the educational work. He is given another chance six months later, and if he again shows that he has persistently neglected his studies he is asked to look around for another position.

The bank's boys are divided into teams, each with a captain selected by themselves. Contests are constantly held in each branch of their studies, and woe betide any fellow who shirks! His captain and the other members of the team pounce upon him unmercifully.

Detailed records are kept of the progress made by each boy, both in his classes and in his work. The management has found that in practically every instance the lads who are most studious are the ones that do best in their regular duties. There is a committee on promotions, the members of which keep in the closest possible touch with the force, and advancement is based strictly on merit.

The result of all this is that there is an esprit de corps, an enthusiasm, a loyalty, a discipline, and an efficiency among the City Bank's hundreds of boys and youths not matched in any other financial institution. The bank also conducts a university for the professional training of students elected to it by the leading colleges throughout the United States. But this does not quite come under our story.

In John Wanamaker's Philadelphia store two acres of floor space are devoted exclusively to the education of employees. The system there is similar to that of the City Bank. It insures that every boy and every girl who does good work is soon distinguished from those who do poor work. Mr. Wanamaker himself takes as keen an interest in the development of his young workers as in the merchandising of goods; for he realizes that, unless those who handle the goods are properly trained and encouraged, the goods will be mishandled, with disastrous results.

Do heads of great organizations take an interest in their office-boys, noting whether they do good work or poor work? They do!

Office-boys to-day are recognized as business principles in training for the filling of the most powerful financial, industrial, and commercial thrones of to-morrow.

Millions of Gold in Sunken Ships

By GRATTAN McCAFFERTY

HOW much gold and silver and precious stones lie at the bottom of the sea in sunken ships? A hundred millions? Two hundred millions? Yes, and more. The location of much of it nobody knows; for strange things happen on the high seas. Ships that have left port with cargoes of riches have disappeared, leaving no trace behind; the ocean is deep and wide, and a sunken ship leaves no tell-tale trace behind. But hundreds of ships have sunk in water not too deep for the modern diver, and now lie in spots carefully recorded on the maps.

And in those hundreds of ships is gold enough to make the fortune of Rockefeller look small. Soldiers of fortune of all ages have dreamed of those treasures; from time to time expeditions have put out in search of them. Now, at last, some of those millions at least are to be recovered. Two expeditions have recently been organized for that purpose, and the organizers who have taken up the most fascinating game in the world are not adventurers, but hard-headed business men. Among the names are those of Percy Rockefeller, Charles H. Sabin, president of the Guaranty Trust Company; George F. Baker, and A. H. Wiggin, president of the Chase National Bank, New York.

The great treasure hunt has come down to a rivalry of opposing theories of deep-sea diving. Stillson, a former gunner in the Navy and diver for one of the expeditions, uses the ordinary rubber and canvas diving dress, with improvements which he has made after many experiments; while Bowdoin, the rival diver, has a suit of diving armor made of steel. To make the rivalry still more interesting, both companies picked out the same wreck for the first test of their theories.

This wreck was the *Merida*, of the Ward Line, sunk in collision five years ago off Cape Charles, Virginia, with nearly $1,000,000 in gold and silver bars and valuables in the purser's safe.

If one expedition succeeds in getting the *Merida*'s treasure, the other will not worry much. It has plenty of other golden wrecks on its list—from great galleons that lie along the Spanish Main, with the wealth of the Indies in their holds, to big ocean liners sunk by submarines since the war began, carrying millions to the bottom with them. And ninety per cent. of the ships on the list of the two concerns lie in less than 300 feet of water; while Stillson was down 306 feet off Honolulu in his diving suit in April, 1915, when the submarine F-4 was raised. Before that, diving operations had been confined to comparatively shallow depths, and there seemed little hope of ever reaching the wrecks of the treasure ships.

Stillson says that his experiments, continued in Long Island Sound from the deck of the United States destroyer *Wilks*, have demonstrated that the great problem of deep-sea diving is not the tremendous water pressure that the diver must endure, but the difficulties of breathing at great depths. His inventions, therefore, pay particular attention to the problem of keeping the diver supplied at all times with unlimited quantities of air.

He retains the diving dress that has been in use for years, consisting of the canvas and rubber suit covering the body, with a metal breastplate and a copper helmet. He made improvements in the pumps by which compressed air is shot down to the diver, so as to insure an uninterrupted flow at all times and with new valves provided for the proper ventilation of the helmet. Under the breastplate he installed a valve by which the diver controls his own air supply. In the helmet he placed an improved escape valve, not only to get rid of the foul air, but to do away with some of the great noise in the helmet—this being more than necessary, now that divers are provided with telephones.

Mr. Bowdoin believes that Stillson's diving suit may collapse under water as a result of the great pressure, which at 306 feet is equal to 129.9 pounds per square inch. His own suit of steel armor wards off all danger of pressure, he says. It is provided with joints, of a special flexible substance that Mr. Bowdoin has invented, which will permit free movements of the arms, legs, and head. A hose leading into the helmet carries in the air pumped from above, while the foul air is pumped out of the suit through another hose. Mr. Bowdoin says that his tests have shown that a diver in his armor can go down 600 feet and work there for hours without danger.

Beginning with the *Merida*, the rival companies have decided on a number of ships they will try to reach. Among them is the *Lusitania*, sunk by a German submarine off the coast of Ireland in 270 feet of water, and containing at least $1,000,000 in treasure.

But the prize treasure of the ocean is the fleet of Spanish galleons lying at the bottom of Vigo Bay, with $120,000,000 in their holds. Official records show that the treasure is there, and here is its story:

In 1702 a fleet of seventeen galleons brought a three years' accumulation of treasure from South America, consisting of gold, silver, and jewels. It was valued at $140,000,000, a rich prize for the combined British and Dutch fleet that lay in wait. The expedition reached Vigo Bay, and there the galleons were attacked. The convoying fleet was defeated, and, rather than let the great treasure fall into the hands of the enemy, the Spaniards sank the seventeen ships.

Some years later six of them that lay in shallow water were raised and $20,000,000 recovered. The other galleons, with their great chests crammed full of valuables, are still on the bottom, supposedly in about 250 feet of water. The Spanish Government has a standing offer of the salvage concession to any company that will agree to pay 20 per cent. of the amount recovered.

The fleet of galleons is enterprise No. 5 on the list of one of the companies. No. 1 is the *Merida*. No. 2 is the steamship *Paredina*, sunk in collision in Lake Huron in 160 feet of water, with nearly $1,000,000 in gold and copper on board. No. 3 is the *Oceana*, also sunk in collision. She lies off Beachy Head in 210 feet of water, with $5,000,000 in gold and silver specie, part of the big China loan. The *Lusitania* is No. 4.

Only recently have some of the treasure wrecks been definitely located. Such is the case of the *General Grant*. The location of the *Santa Margarita* was established in 1898 by a number of Harvard graduates, who purchased a yacht and set out to recover the treasure. But, after locating the wreck of the galleon, the yacht itself was wrecked almost on the same spot where the galleon had gone down, and the adventure was abandoned.

Here Is the Money Waiting for You if You're a Good Diver

Merida, off Cape Charles, Virginia	$1,000,000
Paredina, in Lake Huron	1,000,000
Oceana, off Beachy Head	5,000,000
Lusitania	1,000,000
Spanish galleons, in Vigo Bay	120,000,000
Islander, near Juneau, Alaska	2,000,000
General Grant, off Auckland Islands	15,000,000
Santa Margarita, off Porto Rico	7,000,000
Florentia, Tubermoy Bay, Scotland	13,000,000
Alphonse, off Point Grande, Grand Canary	400,000
Skyro, off Cape Finisterre	500,000
Hamilla Mitchell, off Lencumna Rock, near Shanghai	700,000

The Diplomat

By HOLWORTHY HALL

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

IN confidence, the Wilsons' house-guest was remarkable for her figure no less than for her face. She was appreciably smaller than the Venus de Milo, just as she was unquestionably larger than Mitzi Hajos, and the probability is that she could have outrun or outdanced or otherwise outclassed in a test of endurance either one of them. She was no dumpling, nor yet a lath; she had lively and pliant young muscles under that fair skin of hers, and she was proud that she didn't look half so strong as she really was.

On her first day in Kenilworth, however, she played three sets of tennis, eighteen holes of golf, rode an hour or two on a Kentucky saddle-horse with a good coat but a bad disposition, climbed Observatory Hill, tossed a league baseball for half an hour with Johnny Wilson, *aet* fourteen, and went through the complete schedule of waltzes, one-steps, and fox-trots at the Country Club subscription dance.

By midnight every man whose enthusiasm hadn't already been hammered out of him by Kenilworth conventions was crazy about her, and in two days they were all afraid of her.

At a distance Miss Ruston inspired admiration rather than fear. It was only when she bent her utterly frank and unsuspicious eyes upon a man, and spoke her mind with absolute ingenuousness, that chilling fright gripped at the young man's vitals.

Miss Ruston had never learned the art of casual conversation. On the contrary, if she had anything to say, she talked forcefully; and if she hadn't, she set a standard of taciturnity by which the modest clam might well be judged. She remained outwardly pleasant, but she didn't gabble. And, since her face was an excellent register of her emotions, it was a most astonishing and interesting face, on which the usual assortment of features had been fortuitously arranged so as to produce an attractive and a rather yearning effect. At close range, therefore, Miss Ruston was highly demoralizing. For the rest, rumor said that she was an heiress, and the Wilsons said that she was an orphan.

UNDER ordinary circumstances, the arrival of a pretty and orphaned heiress would have stirred Kenilworth from its top stratum, which included the Wilsons, to its depths—which was Julian Merrick. A dozen sturdy bachelors, armed with bank accounts and university degrees and club memberships and large-jawed ancestors, would speedily have reconnoitered, skirmished, deployed before the Wilson estate, and charged *en masse*. But in the case of Roberta Ruston that brave squadron of Kenilworth volunteer chasseurs showed, after the first evening, unmistakable signs of timidity.

Before the battery of her searching eyes the most subtle of aristocrats became uncomfortable and restless and conscious of his liquefying collar. Under the rapid fire of her crisp sentences the most campaign-hardened veteran of useless dialogue began instinctively to review his past and to remember an engagement somewhere else. And when Kenilworth took the field with her, whether on turf courts or waxed floors or gravel riding paths, the odds were in the neighborhood of ten to one against the field.

Miss Ruston was tireless, and she was expert; and few men of this feeble generation possess the courage to fall in love with a woman who, in addition to money and a superb complexion, has a backhand lawford, and the trick of crossing a horse's fore feet and throwing him when he tries to bolt; that is—few men educated east of the Mississippi.

But for a temporary courier there was Julian Merrick, the perennial substitute.

Merrick was one of those apparent anomalies that garnish the cold-roast society of any given region. As far as the distinction of his birth was concerned, he might as well have derived his patronymic from an incubator. His parents hadn't been nobodies, exactly; they had been immaterials. Their son was neither a brilliant wit nor a professional flirt; he had none of the fascinating virtues of a philosopher, and none of the fascinating vices of a rouć. He had a salary of four thousand a year—in Kenilworth a mere pittance—from a conservative bond house on Broad Street; and out of it he was able, by judicious management, to live in the smallest room at the Inn, to belong to the Kenilworth Country Club, and to dress well on any occasion for which he had due notice in advance.

ALL this would seem to show why he should have been excluded from Kenilworth instead of being welcome. But he was an affable youth, soft-spoken and always useful; and therein lay his success. As a professor of Chesterfieldian suavity he could have given valuable lessons to Chesterfield. He never embarrassed a hostess by declining a dinner invitation, or by asking for a specific partner, or by failing to exert himself to please his companion, however wrinkled. At the most heterogeneous functions he never—literally or figuratively—stepped on any one's toes. He was courteously interested in all women, and therefore offensive to none. He was adorable to wall-flowers; and he could drink tea without winning.

No girl sighed with inward irritation when she met him, but no girl palpitated. He was rigidly pleasant to the skirted universe, but he was desperately prudent. And that was why, when he was finally aware that his pulses were quickening under the influence of Miss Ruston's vivid character, he jammed down his cosmic emergency brakes and let in the reverse.

So that Miss Ruston, suddenly amazed by the charming neutrality of the man she privately considered the best of his sex in Kenilworth, asked her hostess flatly what was the matter with him.

"The *matter* with him?" Mrs. Wilson looked blank. "Why, I'm sure I don't know. What did he say?"

Miss Ruston was explicit:

"Nothing. Oh, he made his mouth go. Technically, I suppose he *did* talk. And he's been awfully nice to me—ever since I came. But lately he's reminded me of a compound fraction I had to simplify once when I was at boarding-school. It took up half a page in the text-book, and I worked two whole evenings on it. The correct answer was zero."

Mrs. Wilson laughed gently.

"My dear, Julian's a sweet boy—he's merely diplomatic. That's his hobby. But sometime," she prophesied, "Julian Merrick is bound to forget himself. He'll lose that cast-iron reserve of his and come out of ambush. When he does, there'll be a *splendid* man for all the girls to rave over. But he's so terribly careful not to be indiscreet, not to be dogmatic, not to be presuming, not to be argumentative, that he hasn't any color. If anybody could ever drag him out of his shell—"

"Oh, I intend to," said Miss Ruston cheerfully. "He's a peach. All I wanted to know was what made him so evasive. I asked him, and he blushed and said I misunderstood him. I shouldn't wonder if he's plain bashful."

"It ought to do Julian a great deal of good to talk to you," said Mrs. Wilson slowly. "He needs some dynamic girl like you to—to inspire him, and—"

"And it'll do me good to talk to him, because I need to be toned down?"

Her hostess was annoyed at the unerring analysis of her unexpressed opinion.

"Julian isn't my ideal, by any means; but I really hoped that you two wouldn't be altogether uncongenial," she said primly.

ON the 12.22 Saturday express from New York, young Mr. Merrick sat communing in the club-car with young Mr. Irving. Mr. Irving was of the topmost stratum; and, by virtue of certain Napoleonic attributes, he generally usurped for himself the post of arbiter and counselor and personal conductor to the junior set of Kenilworth. He had lectured to-day upon the value of poise as a current asset: not because he was peculiarly fitted to elaborate upon this topic, but because he listed to have as many as one listener and not be the one who was lecturing.

"Appreciably smaller than the Venus de Milo, just as she was unquestionably larger than Mitzi Hajos, the probability is that she could have outrun either one of them."

"So when a man applies for a job in our office," he said, "we put it up to him pretty hard. We want to find out his resistance and his poise. We say, in effect: 'All right. Offhand, now, give us three good reasons why you think we ought to hire you in preference to the next man.' And not one out of ten has enough assurance to make even a moderately zippy answer. So—"

Merrick frowned slightly.

"Is that poise, Billy, or is it smartness? Isn't it possible that you overlook some pretty good men that way?"

Irving shrugged his shoulders.

"But I'm talking about salesmen, Julian. And when they're out on the road they get a lot worse questions than that. They have to be ready for anything. So it's imperative for us to see how quick on the trigger they are."

"And you actually hire men on that basis?"

"Very largely. You've got to hire 'em on some basis, and that's as good as any."

"If that's so," said Merrick joocosely, "the best salesman in captivity—that is, by your own system—is out in Kenilworth now. She'd be a whirlwind—a typhoon! You'd better see if she doesn't want a job."

"*She!* Who's that?"

"Roberta Rus—"

"Sh-h-h!" Irving glanced cautiously about him. "For Pete's sake, Julian, don't mention names!"

"Slip of the tongue. Nobody heard it. But, as I was saying, according to your criterion, she'd make a crackajack salesman, wouldn't she?"

"Why would she?"

"Because she's got the finest line of rapid-fire conversation in Kenilworth."

Irving leaned forward.

"As a type, Julian,—strictly as a type,—I'm familiar with it in town. And commercially it has too many defects. I didn't mean to imply that we'd hire a man if he didn't have something in *addition* to quick thinking. I'll show you why that type wouldn't do. Now, some men are so dog-goned honest they fall over backward. We run across that kind frequently. And when a man has the combination of speedy thinking and that ingrowing sort of honesty, he wouldn't sell silver dollars for sixty cents apiece. It's psychological."

"You don't appreciate hundred per cent honesty, then?" said Merrick.

"Why, like everything else, it can be overdone—perhaps more outside of business than in it. Suppose somebody asks you if your brother is out West. You don't need to say: 'Yes; in jail,' even if it happens to be true; you can say yes, and let it go at that, can't you?"

"Surely; but—"

"For average purposes," said Irving, lighting a fresh cigar, "fifty per cent. pure truth is infinitely better than a hundred, and twenty-five is infinitely better than fifty. Modern intercourse can't stand it. Why, any man that went out to try to tell the whole truth all the time in business—or in society, either—wouldn't last two hours. Think it over—think of the possibilities!"

"Still—she seems to do it."

Irving craned his neck a second time. When he replied, he lowered his voice:

"Well—that's a matter of opinion. But a *man* couldn't do it and live! He couldn't do it in business, and he couldn't do it at home. Why, there's no argument, Julian! I'd bet any amount of money that a man couldn't go for one single day without equivocating and temporizing, and even telling a straight out-and-out fairy story every once in a while—and not lose his reputation and his kids and his friends. In a sense, it isn't dishonesty—it's diplomacy. But commerce depends on it, and society depends on it. Why, a man who tried that stunt would be shot the next morning at sunrise if he hadn't already been lynched the night before!"

"Oh, it's hardly as bad as that," said Merrick. "Of course, I suppose I try finesse as much as any one else. But—"

"You don't mean to say you think a man *could* get through a day?"

"I'm inclined to think so. I know I could do it myself. It seems to me you're a bit pessimistic—"

"Well, just to convince you," said Irving, in his best manner, "I'll call your bluff—because, when you stop to think about it and imagine you could do it, you're bluffing yourself. In your heart you *know* I'm right. I'll give you two to one you can't do it! Two hundred or two thousand to your one. From this minute to—to the last bar of 'Home, Sweet Home' at the Country Club to-night. Before then you'll run into twenty situations that you can't possibly squeak out of without dodging the issue, or saying yes when you mean no, or vice versa. I'll bet you two to one on it!"

MERRICK grinned at him, and gazed at the ceiling.

"It's a physical impossibility," declared Irving hotly. "You wouldn't have a friend left in Kenilworth! I assume that you're going to play golf this afternoon, and sit around in the grill and talk afterward, and go to Mrs. Wilson's dinner, and dance at the club later. You'll *have* to do a certain amount of judicious hedging. I can't trail you around as a witness, but if you tell me you've told a hundred per cent. truth from start to finish, I'll take your word for it. And probably inside of half an hour somebody'll ask you a question that you won't answer truthfully. Why, it's inevitable! The truth's brutal, Julian—sometimes it's almost criminal! If you can't see that—"

"The amusing part of it," said Merrick thoughtfully, "is that I could use a thousand or so very nicely." He didn't say that his available cash, according to his latest bank balance, amounted to nineteen dollars, and that if he lost that wager he couldn't pay it.

Irving was growing choleric.

"That's exactly where we differ! I'm offering two to one—and I'd have an absolutely sure thing—on your promise to go through the usual round; just what you'd ordinarily do. Naturally, you can't immure yourself in the Inn—"

"If you'd make it five to two—"

Irving brought his fist down on the arm of his chair.

"Twenty-five hundred to a thousand? All right—I'll do *that!* Wait a second. Now look here, Julian, you're not going to be idiot enough to take any such—why, man, you'd commit social suicide! Think of sitting in with Bainbridge's crowd alone! Listen; we'll just jot down notes for fun, and see how often—"

"It's a sure thing, Billy—for me. The point at issue is whether I'd get in Dutch with everybody or not. I don't think so. I expect to earn twenty-five hundred dollars between—say one-thirty this afternoon and the last dance to-night. In other words—I *take* you!"

Irving got to his feet as the train slackened speed for the Kenilworth station.

"Now, Julian, a joke's a joke, but—"

Merrick preceded him to the vestibule.

"And a bet's a bet."

"You aren't serious. My car's over here; come on up with me, and—"

"But I *am* serious. I'm serious to the extent of striking you for twenty-five hundred dollars when I win."

They mounted to the tonneau of Irving's car.

"But, Julian—I still maintain I'm right—"

"So do I. Let's demonstrate."

"You really don't want to call it off? Naturally, it's your privilege and not mine."

"I really don't. I tell you, you're wrong, and I can prove it. We're all humming and hawing and making fools of ourselves—and I'm beginning to believe it's poppycock. I think she's got the only sensible theory—and that's to be frank. So I'm perfectly willing to be the goat until a few minutes after midnight—and then you'll be. Oh! It's understood that you don't tell anybody, isn't it? I mean, so that no one will be asking me questions intended to make me lose?"

"Trust me for that."

"Very well—the bet stands!"

"Well—"

"You'll have to take my word for it, of course."

"Oh, I know you'll play fair, but—" Irving hesitated and fumbled in his waistcoat pocket. "If you're so keen on this investigation, Julian, would you—let me suggest a condition? I'm to have Miss Ruston at Mrs. Wilson's dinner. Ask her to put you on the other side, and— No, I'll take that back. Don't do it!"

He fumbled a second time.

"I'll be glad to do it—I see the point. It doesn't scare me. So much the better. What is it you want—matches?"

"Thanks. Why, perhaps it isn't reasonable, Julian. This is crazy enough without—"

"It's quite all right. We're off! From this minute, then?"

Irving's smile was deprecatory.

"Well, if you say so. As a matter of fact, I didn't dream you'd— Never mind! I'm game. You understand the terms? No equivocating—right through to the finish?"

"Without a tremor," said Merrick.

As they drew up to the porte-cochère of the huge colonial club-house, a middle-aged gentleman in flannels hailed them jovially. Irving responded in kind, but Merrick's nod was perfunctory. The middle-aged gentleman lifted his eyebrows and strolled forward to intercept him.

"Hello, Julian! Hello again. Why so proud and haughty?"

Irving glanced in horror at Merrick, who had halted.

"I'll tell you why," said Merrick quietly. "I don't like your style of conversation, Bainbridge. I'm tired of it. Day before yesterday was the last straw. And it isn't that you weren't funny, because you were. Every time you got off a humorous remark, every man but one at the table laughed. But when you were shooting off your sarcasms all around the table you weren't simply cutting—you injected just enough truth to *hurt!* As far as I'm concerned, I'm not insulted—I'm disgusted. Is that reason enough?"

He strolled leisurely into the lobby, and Irving followed him, aghast. In strained silence they gained the locker-room, and in silence they dressed to play.

AND then the door banged, and Bainbridge was before them.

"Stay where you are," he motioned to Irving. "You heard the first part—you might just as well hear the finish."

He turned to Merrick.

"Julian, it may be that you're too thin-skinned. If you'll admit that, I'll admit that maybe I went too far the other day. As a matter of fact, I haven't felt right about it. When a lot of us get together we do talk personalities. Well, if I've hurt your feelings I want to apologize. Maybe I did overplay my hand. Shake on it?"

As the pair clasped hands across a bench, young Mr. Irving opened his eyes very wide, and then narrowed them introspectively.

He sidled over to his friend.

"Say, Julian, it's too crazy. Why don't we call it off now, and—"

Merrick's laugh was prolonged and premonitory.

"If?" he repeated, chuckling. "Because, my dear fellow, you don't scare me as easy as all that! Because I'm so flat broke, I need your money!"

During the long, golden afternoon there were few opportunities for Irving to scent a victory. Now and then he held his breath in anticipation of a sudden verdict; but in each event he was disappointed. When Peterson demanded whether any one of the foursome had ever seen a rottener exhibition of golf in all his life, Merrick replied: "Yes, but not recently." And when Rodgers inquired in hysterical joy if his last drive wasn't the most beauteous of all conceivable drives, Merrick said "No." He smiled as he said it, so that Rodgers necessarily had to protest his pride by an alibi. Whereupon Merrick stated that his idea of the most beauteous of all drives was one that holed out on the green five hundred yards away. Rodgers could take no offense.

AND so, with no obstacles more terrifying than these to impede him, Merrick came in at five o'clock in great good humor; and in the showers he rallied Irving unceasingly.

"You wait until dinner," said Irving, with supreme confidence.

This confidence rose to fever-heat when, on the veranda, the two young men encountered a sister of Peterson's—a dignified maiden with a taste for bizarre millinery. She was wearing a cubist confection of purple and yellow, and she asked Merrick what he thought of it.

"It's the most hideous thing in Kenilworth," said Merrick, smiling benignly, "and it ought to make a smashing sensation. Nobody else I know would dare to wear it."

Miss Peterson gulped; but, judging from Merrick's reputation that he must have intended a compliment, however remote, she smiled and thanked him.

Irving had planned to vanquish Merrick by the use of tactics that would be doubly effective; and, because he clearly realized that Merrick couldn't afford to lose even a small portion of a thousand dollars, he had resolved to engineer a crisis, and then to discharge Merrick from the liability. He hadn't replied straightforwardly to Merrick's assumption that the wager wouldn't be published; he had said: "Trust me for that." And when Merrick found himself confronted by an impasse, Irving would remind him of that particular phrase, admit that he had spoken it with malice aforethought, and thus prove incontrovertibly that it's only the painstaking diplomat that comes up smiling.

When Merrick staggered Mrs. Wilson by requesting to be seated next to Miss Ruston, therefore, the gist was immeasurably thickened, since Irving, after some deliberation, had dropped a rather elastic hint to the girl from out of town.

From the serving of the antipasto to the serving of the bonbons, Mrs. Wilson was continuously puzzled at the failure of one sector of the table to display proper teamwork. As closely as she could diagnose the situation, her house-guest was inclined to neglect her legal escort, Billy Irving, and to hold converse exclusively with Julian Merrick. That in itself wouldn't have been alarming if every one else had similarly shifted. But Irving wasn't properly heedful of the girl on his right; he was palpably absorbed in what was transpiring on his left. The pairing was disrupted; there was always one person who had nothing whatsoever to do but to eat.

Julian Merrick was undeniably guilty, because it was he who had urged the alteration of the seating arrangements. Mrs. Wilson couldn't imagine what had befallen Julian, to make him monopolize a girl whose partner was so obviously piqued.

And Irving was indeed irritated—not at Merrick, but at the people who were talking so loudly that he couldn't hear more than half of Merrick's responses.

Miss Ruston hadn't fully grasped the significance of what Irving had told her. She understood that Merrick had some sort of confession to make to her, and she was infected with feminine curiosity to discover what it was. It was wholly normal for her to resort to interrogative means; and it was this circumstance that prevented Irving from sensing the fact that she wasn't obeying his instructions. He thought she was employing strategy, in view of a tremendous climax.

"Mr. Irving seems to think you've something important to tell me," she had observed at the outset. "Have you?"

Merrick, instantly on guard, glanced at his friend, and entertained a disquieting premonition of trouble.

"I don't know what he has in mind," he said. "There are mighty few things that are really important."

Miss Ruston nodded approvingly.

"My father used to say that hardly any one in these days has any sense of proportion. You remember that old story about the people who were going to be married?"

"Which one?" He blinked at Irving, as if to convey a denial that this was a subterfuge. "I've heard several."

"Why, they were trying to settle the question of authority. So the man proposed that the girl should decide all the important matters, and he'd decide the trivial ones—only he'd also decide which were important and which were trivial! Had you heard that?"

"Yes," said Merrick; "I recognize it now. But what does it argue—that the man lacked a sense of proportion, or the woman did?"

"They both did," said Miss Ruston promptly, "because they wasted so much time on nonsense. Let's not take 'em as models. I don't care whether what you're going to tell me is trivial or not. What is it?"

Merrick spread his hands to indicate helplessness.

"I don't know. Billy Irving must have been playing comedian."

SHE perceived that he had left his fish untasted.

"Why aren't you eating your fish, Mr. Merrick?"

"Ptomaine poisoning," said Merrick. "There's a regular epidemic—and I'm not taking any chances, even here."

She was ever so faintly disturbed.

"You're not a valetudinarian, are you?"

"No; I'm a coward," said Merrick. "I don't eat oysters except in the R months, and I don't eat Welsh rabbit at all, and I don't drink Canton water, and I've got a lot of other fool notions. It's partly inherited nervousness and partly plain tommy-rot. By this time it's a confirmed habit. I dare say the sole was delicious, wasn't it?"

Miss Ruston assented as she laid down her fork.

"I don't know why," she said, "but you've changed completely since I saw you last. Your spirits are all polished up. What's happened?"

Merrick choked politely for a moment. At Miss Ruston's other elbow, Irving was listening, joyfully intent.

"If my spirits are improved," parried Merrick, "it may be on account of a little windfall—"

"Really?"

"Not a great deal of money," he hastened to add, "but out of a clear sky it comes as a sort of phenomenon. I expect to be lucky enough to win a bet."

Miss Ruston was excited.

"Are you going to tell me what it's about?"

Again he glanced at Irving, and rejoined to see that his friend had been drawn into unwilling discourse by his neighbor.

"Certainly—it's about my veracity. It's whether I can be perfectly truthful or not without getting into trouble."

"And you're betting that you can? That's a funny one! For how long?"

"Just for an evening," said Merrick. "It's a very silly thing, isn't it? As you see, I'm entirely at your mercy."

She looked at him queerly; and the consciousness that he was growing warm under her scrutiny made him flush the more. He was illogically persuaded that she wasn't in collusion with Irving, after all. Somehow, he felt satisfied that she

"'Well, you see,' he faltered, 'I wouldn't exactly want to cut adrift—and hunt up a house—alone—' 'No,' agreed Miss Ruston. 'Who is she, and what's the difficulty?'"

couldn't fence with him, even if Billy had put her up to it. She'd have too much sympathy and too little skill.

His own assigned partner—a stranger from New England—turned to ask him if he weren't a Harvard man.

"Not a graduate," said Merrick complacently. "They threw me out in sophomore year."

"Oh—I'm sorry! The examinations are terribly hard—"

"Not for me they weren't," said Merrick. "It was an initiation—and they finally found out who hired the donkey and tied him to the chapel pulpit. Do you wonder why I didn't stay? But please don't hold it against me—that was ten years ago, and initiations used to be wild and woolly."

Miss Ruston was speaking again:

"You know I wouldn't take advantage of anything like that. But I knew *something* had changed you. You've had an entirely different air—"

"How so?"

"Oh, you're ever so much more direct. If that comes from a bet, I wish you'd make it perpetual. I used to think you couldn't answer a straight question to save your life."

You couldn't have fancied that!"

"But I certainly did! Everybody around here is afraid to come right out with a man's-sized answer, and I thought you were the county champion."

"I hadn't realized that I'd impressed you as the great African dodger."

"But you had! Why, you've no idea—"

At this juncture Irving leaned toward them. There was a wicked gleam in his eyes.

"You're missing it!" he said. "We're having a fine controversy over here. Somebody just spilled a hot one—any woman that powders her cuticle at twenty will powder her principles at thirty. You're a good moralist, Julian—what's your opinion?"

"It's more than likely," said Merrick. "Most of 'em do."

"Fight it out with him," Irving adjured Miss Ruston as he returned to his debate. "He's the most rabid Puritan we've got in Kenilworth. You ought to hear him rant about women's fashions."

IT was a Machiavellian stroke. Miss Ruston wouldn't have been a woman if she hadn't stiffened at the oblique challenge.

"Mr. Irving wasn't in earnest, was he?" she asked in an undertone.

Merrick tasted his ice and reflected.

"I suppose he was—that is, for Billy."

"You don't honestly—why, Mr. Merrick, you aren't as Victorian as that, are you?"

"Pre-Revolutionary," he corrected. "I don't know that I'm any more or any less rabid than the average, but I do wonder sometimes what we're coming to."

"But don't you want women to be attractive?"

"No doubt about it. Only I don't believe they know when they are."

"Well, what is it you object to?"

Merrick drew a long breath.

"Extremes—both north and south."

Miss Ruston shivered, and examined her spoon with close attention to its workmanship.

"Not—not ordinary evening gowns—"

"Not at all; extraordinary ones—in general, those here to-night. And my personal opinion is that last year's styles were the only thing that defeated the suffrage bill in this State last November. And in a season like that it *ought* to have been defeated."

"But what Billy meant was probably an old quarrel of ours—I claimed that there isn't one woman in a dozen who knows what to wear or how to wear it so as to look both attractive and—and thoroughly modest. I claimed—"

She was flamingly alive, and Merrick was acutely conscious of it. That quickening of the pulse which he had once so religiously retarded had come upon him again, and his brain was abruptly clouded as with a fine, delicate stimulant.

"Not one in a dozen! There are twelve women at this table. Could you say that eleven of them—"

Merrick swallowed hard.

"What! Let's see. No, the ratio's lower. It's only ten."

Miss Ruston was thunder-struck.

"Then you say that only two are both attractive and—and thoroughly modest!"

"Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Rodgers," he declared. "And out of the other ten, five—six—seven are attractive, and one's modest, and two are neither. That is, in the clothes they're wearing. I'm not talking about their physiognomy."

She glanced fearfully at her own gown.

"And—you can speak of your *friends*—"

"I shouldn't have said a word if you hadn't asked me. And I haven't named any names—"

"No; but it's so evident who—"

"If it's evident, am I to be blamed for expressing it?"

MISS RUSTON'S attitude was very thoughtful.

"Well, it's always interesting to know what other people think about us, but I'm almost afraid to ask you anything else—although I'd really like to know—"

"You're one of the modest ones," said Merrick, bowing.

Miss Ruston gasped, and turned pink.

"Well," she said, after a pronounced hush, "I'll have to concede that you're—at least, this is a dress Mrs. Wilson made me wear; it's one of hers. I don't think I'm any Lillian Russell in it, myself. But what startled me most was that a Kenilworth man should have such ideas! And you, of all men in Kenilworth!"

"In the mass," said Merrick, "we're a gang of hypocrites. You've got me at a disadvantage—in a period of frankness. To-morrow I may hoot at myself. To-night I feel like George Washington and Diogenes and a couple of minor saints and Honest John Kelly. I'm giving you nothing but facts. I'm an iconoclast."

"I'm not *sure*," she hesitated, "what that means."

"Neither am I," said Merrick, "but that's what I am. I feel it deeply."

"But aren't you—a part of this society? And if you are—"

"I'm as much a part of it as the buttons are of a man's sleeve," said Merrick cheerfully. "Useless, not very ornamental, but just hanging on."

The women were rising. As Merrick cleared Miss Ruston's chair for her, she said:

"If you don't ask me for heaps and heaps of dances to-night, I'll be furious! I want to talk to you! If your real society—"

"I'll give it to you now."

"We haven't time!"

"In one word."

"Well—"

Merrick bowed her toward the door.

"Bunk!" he whispered in her ear.

And had the pleasure of hearing her quickened respiration as she joined the procession trailing into the drawing-room.

SEDULOUSLY avoiding his friend Irving, who complained feelingly that he should like to have had the opportunity of at least a word or two with Miss Ruston, and that there's such a thing as excessive dialogue, Merrick smoked a cigarette or two, drank his coffee and a liqueur, and waited impatiently for the dinner epilogue to reach its conclusion.

Twice he was included in a flash of contention, and twice he acquitted himself to the open bewilderment of his friend the enemy. On one occasion he had to grant that he was a business failure,—and in Kenilworth it wasn't considered tactful to refer to one's penury, although it was quite within the realm of gentility to refer to one's wealth,—and on the other he stated his political convictions.

Continued on page 18

The Sport of Kings

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Illustration by J. L. Keller

IN the days when the Kernans were owners, not trainers, my father and old Colonel Buckmaster had been friends. There'd been a time when, if a Kernan horse took the Kentucky Derby, it was even money that the Buckmaster entry was only a nose away. But times had changed. My father was dead, heartbroken at losing the family farm and stud beneath the hammer of the auctioneer. And Colonel Buckmaster had lost his in the betting ring while my father had been losing his in the stock-market. The Colonel had had more pride than common sense in his stable.

I'd never met him until I came down here; but I'd heard of him, of course, and it was with pity that I had looked upon his once erect figure, in the traditional frock-coat and black slouch hat, as he leaned over the railing of the judges' stand. For the Buckmasters had been white men, all of them. At first I'd pitied him, to think that he, who'd bred and raced some of the finest horses that ever came out of the Blue Grass, was compelled to act as judge at a dog track. Later—now—it seemed to me too bad that one of the ancient Buckmasters should have sunk so low as to be cognizant of crookedness in the field of sport which they had done so much to elevate.

As he rose to greet me, and I noted his wispy white goatee, his sunken, sad old eyes, I felt sorry for him. Maybe he didn't know, didn't appreciate, all that was going on. For the sake of his old name, I hoped so. But at the outset of our conversation that hope vanished.

He greeted me warmly.

"I'm glad yoh came, Misteh Kernan, seh. It's been a hurt to me, seh, to stand by while the son of Mujah Jack is handed the tarred end of the stick."

I stared at him. "Am I to take it, Colonel," I asked, "that you are aware of what's going on? Of the justice of my protest to-day?"

"I was theah," he answered simply. "And I knew the Kernan creed, seh. If a hawss can't win on his heart, don't make him win on pain. A Kernan, seh, *always* orders the whip off his entries. Yoh are yoah father's son, seh."

"Then, Colonel Buckmaster," I cried, "tell me why you—a Kentucky Buckmaster, are stooping to—to—"

I couldn't finish; he was a much older man than I, and he had been my father's friend. But he stood my look of amazement without a whimper, save for the one remark:

"Yoh never happened to heah, seh, that I had a daughter—born blind?"

That was enough—for me! Maybe other people will think that nothing excuses a man straying from the path of right. I don't censure any one. My belief is that no one knows just what he'll do, given the requisite temptation. I won't go so far as to say that all men, or most men, can be bought. But, from what I've seen, a whole lot of them can be *hired*.

The poor old Colonel! Too old to get a position judging at any of the big Northern tracks; too old to do any other work; with but two assets—his knowledge of horses and his good name: and, too old to utilize the first, the second had been bought from him. This track at Grantham, outside the racing association, needed a name like that of Buckmaster to keep its reputation from smelling too badly. So they'd hired him to act as one of the judges, a man long past his prime. And he had a blind daughter, and—well, he stood for the crookedness of Holt and Kendrick.

"I knew there must be some good reason, Colonel," I told him.

"Thank yoh, Misteh Kernan," he said. I saw him gulp. "But I didn't ask yoh heah to justify myse'f in the eyes of the son of Mujah Jack. Theah ain't much justification. But I can't stand by and see a gentleman ruined, seh. Misteh Kernan, am I right in my belief that unduh ce'tain conditions yoh could regain yoah license back Nawth?"

"Yes," said I stiffly.

"That's because, seh, theah's neveh been any crookedness mentioned in the same breath with the name of Sale Kernan."

"Or any other Kernan," said I.

"Of co'se. But if theah was, seh? What then?"

He waited a moment for that to sink in. I said nothing.

"The name of Kernan," he went on, after a moment, "ain't without magic. Even the name of a Kernan that's barred back Nawth. If a Kernan should denounce the people that run this track—well, Misteh Kernan, while this trash

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"Yoh never happened to heah, seh, that I had a daughter—born blind?"

READ THIS: THEN START THE STORY

SALE KERNAN, a young Kentuckian in charge of a string of horses at the Beaumont track, New York, is barred from the turf following his indiscreet disclosures to newspapers of track fraud, and sails for Mexico. On the boat he finds his assistant, Jerry Kenney. He also meets Roberta Leland, owner of Vivandière, a race mare with a bad record, whom she is taking South. The boat has a stormy passage, and the third night the passengers are ordered to the life-boats—the ship is sinking. Kernan wins the gratitude of Miss Leland by a heroic rescue of Vivandière, and accepts her offer to take charge of her racing stable. He and Jerry Kenney accompany Miss Leland and her chaperon, Mrs. Clarke, to Stephanie, Miss Leland's home, and Kernan begins his preparations for the Grantham (Florida) meet. In January they move the string to Grantham, Miss Leland being joined by a party of New Yorkers that includes Mrs. Clarke's nephew, Carteret Dane. In Vivandière's first race at Grantham the odds are five to one on the mare—to the mystification of Kernan. The mare, ridden by a negro jockey, makes a splendid run, until the last quarter mile, when Kernan, from the grand-stand, is aware that something is going wrong. Through his glasses he makes out Vivandière's jockey using the whip. The mare stops, crashes into a fence, and loses the race. With Miss Leland's permission, Kernan makes a formal protest to the judges, without result. That evening, in the hotel, Kernan makes his report of the judges' refusal to change the result of the race, and offers his resignation. Carteret Dane makes an insulting allusion to his disbarment from the New York track, and there is danger of a disagreeable scene, which Miss Leland averts. But her manner toward Kernan is changed. Deciding to leave Grantham that night, Kernan goes to bid Vivandière farewell, and finds in her stall the jockey who lost the race. Restraining his inclination to thrash him, Kernan questions the boy, who admits that he was coerced into using the whip on the mare. More than this Kernan is unable to get out of the jockey, and he returns to the hotel, where he meets Colonel Buckmaster, one of the track judges.

NO MORE COOKS IN ENGLAND

Photograph by Central News Photo Service.

SEND in a fire alarm, and your defaulting governess, bootad and bebooted, rushes in to save you and your goods. A while ago the Duchess of Marlborough lost her pantry cook. A few days later a fire broke out in the castle, and back came the cook in a great hurry at the head of the Lady Fire Brigade. She put out the fire, too. There are 12,000 firewomen either on active duty or in training. Here is a fire drill being held in a workhouse. Note the envy and admiration of all the Alice-in-Wonderland duchesses at the right.

© Central News Photo Service

EVERY day there are fewer and fewer cooks in England, fewer waitresses, fewer laundresses, nursemaids, and seamstresses. 800,000 British women are doing Tommy's jobs for him. 200,000 school-girls received a month's instruction this fall in the government school for farm workers, after which they went out for six months and gathered in the crops.

ENGLISH ladies just got used to doing without fathers when Ariel up and quit. 1072 of her became car-conductors; 380 took to motor-truck and bus driving. 1650 evolved into chauffeuses at $60 a month (six times the housemaid's wage). 6800 earned boot-making. 28,000 went into making munitions. 1400 joined the window-cleaning companies in the City.

"Is the clothes they're after?" said clever Lady Randolph Churchill. So she designed a butler's uniform and put her maids in the mannish thing. Presto! they stay.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

WHEN John East, laborer, aged sixty-two, of Weston-super-Mare, was arraigned for drunkenness last month, he assured the squire "a man wot had no breakfast and no supper got for him couldn't help getting tight!" Asked where his wife was, John said bitterly: "Doin' her bit, sir, in the Kewstoke Woods, chappin' down trees, sir." Mrs. John is only one of nineteen hundred women who have taken men's places in logging camps and sawmills.

© Central News Photo Service.

A BIG American dry-goods house in London posted this notice one morning: "Tall, big girls wanted at once. Apply superintendent's office." By noon every porter and carriage starter in the shop had been replaced by a fine-looking young woman over six feet tall. In a week every big shop in London had followed suit, thereby releasing 3000 big fellows for war duty. The doorwoman whistles for your chauffeuse, while the delivery-girls rush your purchases home to you.

ENGLISH dairy-maids won't dairy any more, either. They prefer to wear overalls and puttees and run the thresher and the bulls around, and drive the herds to slaughter. There are 1500 such girl workers in Warwickshire, 2000 in Lincolnshire, 10,000 in Devonshire. Two girls brought three pens of sheep and twelve six miles by road from Lillingston to Buckingham without mishap; not one of them will turn the churn or feed the chickens.

Photograph by Central News Photo Service.

BUILDERS

CONTENT only to win the keen shouts of pleasure with which eaters rewards the builder men are storming through mountain and river working with nature and against her but proving consistently that the little bundle of spark and matter which calls itself man is lord of creation and force is its tool Six mountain heights three creeks two rivers and a lake were lined up as defense trenches against man's invasion of the Catskills for water J Waldo Smith (right) he while man a laugh of defiance took out pencil and paper and sharpened figures and science The mountains were bored through a shaft longer than the famous Alpine passageway west under New York area ten own a na twenty times as large as he famous Versailles were called into being and now an aque duct nearly as transient 6,000,000 gallons of water fall fresh and clear from the mountain torrents, is nearing comple tion. The staggering sum of $ 62,000,000 is going into the project but one hears progress chuckle at he achievement "A city most destitute of the pleasures of goods water " an early writer said of New York in 1799. And no less personages than Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton held the charter to the water supply at the time

FOR thirty years provision for passenger transportation as he deep as he best a the Hudson germinated in various minds, was attempted, but each time called a pro motion Beginning with a certain Colonel Ac Will legislature charters in 873 a stream of adventurous capitalists staked, and uniformly lost on he venture With his return two engineers Charles M Jacobs and John Davis undertook to bridge the high the project in 903 for he Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Once a tunnel slipped out of control of the construction and has to be re claimed But cut through the earth's vitals they did and that in the record period of fifteen months An army of 60,000 men was employed in the work but so accurate were the engineers in their calculations that when the tunnel headways coming from opposite sides of the river met the variation in level and line as they came together were be yonnet fraction of an inch More than 50,000,000 people crossed the Hudson in the tubes last year

Photograph by Paul Thompson

UNEQUALED in magnitude by any structure erected since the Middle Ages, a monster cathedral is nearing its head above Morningside Heights New York City Only three Old World cathedrals St Peter's, Seville and Milan will surpass the Cathedral of St John the Divine when it stands completed several generations hence Peasants monks and princes of each island on the great cathedrals of France and England Canterbury was 300 years in building and Notre Dame some 200 years At least three generations will watch the delicate tracery and carvings of St John's march into the sky After twenty six years the edifice is barely one quarter done Eight huge granite pillars, each weighing 130 tons, the largest columns of their kind in the world, will give "the greatness, the gloom, the glory" which inspired Tennyson in the great cathedrals St John's is the life-work of C Grant La Farge and George L Hines Hines died while engaged in the work

OF AMERICA

JULIUS CÆSAR threw a few little bridges across the English streams, and announced in a swashbuckling voice: "I came, I saw, I constructed." A ten years' dream, thirteen years of labor, and the precious life blood of a master builder went into Brooklyn Bridge. The great burghers of Manhattan and long Talmi held out for ten years. Even George Stephenson, the great English builder of the Montreal Bridge, was despairing. "If your bridge succeeds, mine is a magnificent blunder," he told John Roebling while the latter was yet experimenting with a suspension bridge across Niagara. Roebling's answer was the Brooklyn Bridge. He gave his life for his project, in an accident shortly after it was started; but his son, Washington Roebling, took up the challenge and hurled 3600 miles of steel across the East River into the mightiest construction until to America. Brooklyn Bridge stalls its great span for 1¾ miles, and is 750 feet from rock to summit. As exquisite in design as a dainty tat of filigree it supports two carriage tracks, two street railway tracks, and a foot-path. With its two sister bridges, the Manhattan and the Williamsburg, it gives New York the distinction of quartering on a single square mile the three greatest suspension bridges in existence. Washington Roebling has lived to see the steel-wire idea adopted the world over.

A RIGID steel structure would be as a shell in a nutcracker before the wind. So Cass Gilbert thought, he wrote, that it allowed some thirty cocs to the square foot for air pressure, and then said the elements defy their threshed and warp the Woolworth Building for an inch or so to the delight of their ethereal souls. The skyscraper could stand it. "It is part of the American character to consider nothing as desperate, a surmount every difficulty by resolution and contrivance. Thomas Jefferson once wrote, and New York has been busy ever since proving the statement by going up and unless there is trouble go out and beyond. The Woolworth Building rises 792 feet 1 inch above the sidewalk in fifty-eight stories. Its foundation lies on concrete piers in the cast-rock of the island sunk by mighty pneumatic caissons. A population of 10,000 people inhabit the building.

IT used to require a whole prehistoric working day of nine hours to dock a big ship, until in the mind of a Seattle mechanic in a Maryland shipyard, the idea came of a floating dock raised and submerged by inderpendent end pontoons. He whittled his model out of wood and presented it to the Bureau of Yards and Docks. The idea was accepted, and it was hailed as one Chief Engineer Leonard M. Cox of the United States Navy presented the government with a $: 250,000 dock that in speed and precision of action has taxed the ingenuity of the drydock builders of London and Liverpool to beat their ends up. The *Dewey* can take in a 20,000-ton sea rover and have it high and dry in fifty-four minutes. Henrik Hansson, the designer, gave his idea free. When the work was finished he migrated on. The picture here shown is the only record the government has of the man who dreamed the *Dewey*.

THE ONLY ABSOLUTE MONARCHS LEFT

HIS wears red rubies on his fingers and bracelets on his toes, rides white elephants with silver howdahs, rules Morocco, and is ruled by one of the finest harems in captivity. Recall Bagdad, Haroun Al Raschid, the thousand and one orgies and splendors of the Arabian Nights, and you are in the land of Mulai Youssef. He is Sultan of Morocco by the grace of Allah and as a result of the renegade tastes of Brother Hafid, who was deposed in 1912 for his interest in "photography and other Christian devilries." Youssef is said to be the proudest of the sultans. The Moors have never forgotten that they once conquered Spain, and that Granada was theirs.

EMPRESS ZEODITU of Abyssinia—or Ethiopia, as the Bible calls it—sits on the throne once occupied by the Queen of Sheba. She claims to be a lineal descendant of that bistoric lady and King Solomon. But, despite this ancestry, the Powers are uneasy. The Empress Zeodits is said to be unalterably opposed to railroads, factory whistles, and twentieth-century advice. She gives an informal luncheon every Sunday for 17,000 guests, wears a triple-tiered crown weighing in the neighborhood of ten pounds, and totes a red silk umbrella. The doughty lady is forty years old and has a mind of her own. She is positively against alliances either with a prospective Mr Zeodits or the Abyssinia, and her first official act was to expel all foreigners.

THERE are just six absolute monarchs left in the world, and Rugby, Heidelberg, and American travel have spoiled the king business for this one—the Sultan of Siam. For all his six million subjects, three million tonnage, palace of silver mosaic, and eight-sided throne, he would exchange places with any American Johnny. Free to marry at will—and free of a family of 1903 brothers and sisters and 604 step-mothers. Not that Vajeravudh isn't a successful ruler. He has taken up the challenge that East must be East, and is introducing compulsory education, military service, and modern machinery. But Chi'a Mi'a must marry one of his sisters first if he would marry other wives, and Chi'a M a refuses to do either.

THE Czar has his Duma, King George his Mary, but these six monarchs reign supreme. Their word is law, and they are the law. Their titles run "Lights of the Earth," "Sons of the Sun," "Arbiters of the Tides"—rulers stic and absolute. Once they were a mighty brotherhood, but time has cut deep their ranks. Sultan Seyyid Feail Bin Turki rules Oman. Never heard of Oman? It stretches along the northeast coast of Arabia and boasts 500,000 inhabitants. Sultan Seyyid Feail Bin receives an income of $250,000 a year, plus caravan receipts, plus a percentage of pearls gathered by the deep-sea divers. At present the only distinction the Sultan enjoys is being the least known monarch of the least known State in Asia. But a few missionaries have got past Oman's only open port, Muscat.

AFGHANISTAN gave Lord Roberts and Kitchener their fame and Kipling his stories. A short stout, sallow man, much bedecorated, sits on its throne. He is Habid Ullah Khan, the wisest and shrewdest monarch of the East. He marshaled a murderous horde of 120,000 fanatics against India in 1904. He was driven back, but would he sign a treaty with Britain? Not he. He tolerates six Europeans and two Americans among his six million. Habid Ullah dispenses justice chiefly through the cannon's mouth, many a faithful subject being blown to smithereens each year. Otherwise the Ameer is civilized. He likes golf and afternoon tea, plays cricket, wears European clothes, and admires Anglo-Saxon women. And—yes, Habid Ullah has a movie machine in his harem.

Photograph from Bureau Bradford.

FROM his 6½ miles on the Riviera the Prince of Monaco draws $1,000,000 a year, besides all State expenses. The roulette wheels at Monte Carlo make it all. It is by far the best paying and most delectable little kingdom in the world: only, the sea about the place has a haunted singsong to it that keeps repeating something about five suicides a day, two thousand a year. The prince is peace lawmaker-executive, all in one. His 22,000 subjects pay no taxes; nor neither must they go near the gaming-tables. The rites of the place are strictly for foreigners. Albert was the first to make an American girl a reigning queen when he married Alice Heine of New Orleans. He is also the only matrimonial monarch in the royal families on the Continent. Russia and Rome draw their skirts away from the owner of Monte Carlo and refuse to receive him.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

To Roll This Old World Along

SPEEDY MOLASSES

WHEN we are running our new planes and motor-cars on battle or benzol per cent. Slower than molasses, will be made at Chicago. Natalite is a compound of coal from molasses, and will [illegible] with a carburetor adjustment almost fourteen gallons to a gallon. Test reports [illegible]

Natalite is composed of 60 per cent alcohol and 40 per cent. ether. Now these chief fuel is derivative if also the [illegible]

A great number of chemists are hard at work trying to find a substitute for gasoline, and in addition to natalite a number of plans are projected. Henry Ford has a gigantic plan to turn the properties of dry [illegible] Edison, [illegible] Dodge, [illegible] Hoover of Nebraska [illegible] Dodge [illegible] Hoover [illegible] interested in a German [illegible] The latter grows inordinately [illegible] and [illegible] full of [illegible] that weight [illegible] It is not a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"I HAVE NO TIME TO READ"

All Right—We'll Do Your Reading for You. $300 Worth of New Books and Magazines Are Read Every Week for These Two Pages

THE MAN THE CZAR WILL NOT FORGIVE

He [illegible] left for his ship "somewhere in the North Sea." That is why he is not on the picture.

WAS WASHINGTON A GOOD FARMER?

It [illegible] of the father of his country [illegible] the greatest farmer [illegible] farming to soldiering.

During those peaceful years when he lived at Mount Vernon he developed his [illegible] to a high point of scientific efficiency. He had a passion for detail, and insisted on knowing to the smallest fraction just what every foot of land on his [illegible]

The Generalissimo must have [illegible] despair of his managers and [illegible] as the author of *Mount Vernon* [illegible] day *Page & Company*. "He even counted the number of honey locust seeds in a quart, and he found 'a large quart contains 4000 seed, this, allowing ten seed to a foot, would sow, or plant, four rows of 100 feet each.

[illegible] periments were not all to circumvent the perversity of soil and seed. He had [illegible] Over all the farms was a general [illegible] directly and only to Washington. He called this man his manager. Once a week on Saturday reports were made to the manager [illegible] reports with scrupulous exactness into note-books, diaries, and [illegible] They record in detail the [illegible] taken and accomplished [illegible] formed by each h[illegible]

[illegible] cessful farmers was worthless, or near [illegible] crops of corn and wheat until the same thing happened. He worked on [illegible] and had put into practise a six-year program of crop rotation. It began with Indian corn, followed by wheat, rye, or winter barley; then came buckwheat peas, pulse, or vegetables; and in the [illegible] growth of the ample grains and seeds which they continually sent him."

WHY MEN DRINK COCKTAILS

If Americans [illegible] they wouldn't need twenty-three gallons of alcoholic refreshment per capita each year to make them happy. Most men haven't any idea why they yearn for a morning eye-opener and an evening cocktail. They think they crave those little treats in order to forget the enervated pop-overs served at breakfast, or to stimulate them to strength of body and brilliance of brain, or to make them more sociable.

[illegible] T. W. Bacon in his *Psychology of Relaxation* (Houghton, [illegible]

"The truth is that men drink because they feel the need of relaxation. Even a generation ago, our fathers got along very nicely on four gallons of liquor a year. But they had more time for sport—genuine outdoor, back-to-nature sort of play.

"These forms of sport which afford the [illegible] character to use the old racial brain paths [illegible] pose man. While his unfamiliar games, [illegible] to the habits of primitive man. He takes [illegible] exercise, and goes to forest, [illegible] clothes, sleeps on the ground [illegible]

But there was discovered [illegible] easy, and convenient. Ethyl [illegible] the peculiar property of paralyzing, to a greater or less extent, the higher and later developed brain tracts which are associated with the mental activity accompanying a strenuous [illegible]

"The later developed and more delicate centers of the nervous system are more susceptible to the attacks of an intending destructive agency, such as alcohol. Thus it comes about that alcohol answers [illegible] of relaxation."

TWO BRAVE FRENCHWOMEN

Certainly [illegible] house in time of peace [illegible] be a romantic occupation, but cutting it for police is as spectacular as cutting trenches.

[illegible] two Frenchwomen eligible for the [illegible] Sheahan in *A Volunteer Poilu* (Houghton, [illegible]

After most of Montauville had fled [illegible] Jerome of seventy years stayed in her shop. Shells were bursting, roofs falling, men scrumping up in the streets, but she kept on selling the three staples of the French front: Camembert cheese, Norwegian sardines, and cakes of chocolate.

The other, a housekeeper of Waterin Villa, stayed at Pont-à-Mousson, which had been left open to the Germans on their way from Metz to the valley of the [illegible] A splendid, brave Frenchwoman who had [illegible] ally in the tren[illegible] for the American [illegible] have us[illegible] for shells was [illegible] hood and when a deafening crash would shake [illegible] kettles on the stove, she could tell its direction and caliber.

"I remember one morning seeing her wash dishes while the Germans were shelling a corner. The window over the sink opened directly on the dangerous area, and she might have been killed any minute. Standing with her hands in the soapy water, she never even bothered to [illegible] house rocked to the din of an explosion [illegible] 'That's a two hundred and ten—the rogues, oh, the rogues!' she exclaimed in the tone she might have used in scolding a depraved boy."

TAKEN FROM A PRISON JOURNAL

"CHARLES DARWIN started as a [illegible] poll boy Demosthenes stammered, Thomas Jefferson was [illegible] was sickly, Louis M. Alci[illegible] Douglass was a slave, [illegible] ignorant country lad, Henry M[illegible] a workhouse boy, Thomas A. [illegible] 'train-butcher,' Carnegie a telegraph[illegible]

[illegible] can be done again. Regardless of our start, regardless of our failures, adversities, and setbacks, our future yet remains to be carved to our [illegible] It resolves itself wholly on our [illegible] ward [illegible] simple old backbone." (*Leavenworth News Bee.*)

THE CLEVER DACHSHUND

© International Film Co.

The clever dachshunds learn to turn the taps. Dogs not at home to visitors feed on a leash.

THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD

Chief U. Rus on trial on American millionaire suspects

...ride ...ewski at ... address will be San Jordi, Andorra

A MODERN American millionaire has started a modern model ... tiest Andorra, be small ... republic in the world.

In the ... Pyrenees ... Spain, ... Republic of Andorra, eighteen miles long ... wide, with 6000 inhabitants, was found ... in the time of Charlemagne. While ... have kept the world around it what ... have torn down and fallen, it has sat tight in its mountain fastness and kept its independence. The president is a Frenchman whose official salary is $... there are ... but one printing-press; few of the inhabitants can read or write.

Into this queer little hidden country where few travelers have been, and of which few people have heard, Fiske Warren, a distinguished Boston sociologist has penetrated with his millions and his modern theories. Mr. Warren, according to the *Springfield Republican*, has four single-tax colonies in America, of which ... picturesque is Tah... on home near Harvard ... colonies he takes over to trustees the ... In his way he plays ... dwellers ... and if there ... "Any in these days the ... Mr Warren ... and ... Thirty students started to school ... July 4, 1881, in a dilapidated shanty church. Six weeks later ... negro woman was engaged as ... who later became the wife of the principal.

Mr Washington was convinced that in order to teach the negro how to live on the land, the school itself must have land. When an old plantation ... Tuskegee was put on the market he borrowed $250 from a friend to make the first payment. Then the school ... moved from the shanty church to the ... farm with room for four aged cabins for ... its dining-room, kitchen, table, and bench ... of the plantation.

Immediately Washington ... a log hog-pen in which ... the most ... worker ... order ... for the land ... farming. The students ... making ... solid progress at school, but the squalor and filth of the one-room ... cabins with ... pool," said Mr ... students ... in under their new-built building for a kitchen and dining-room. Thus ... the lives of the ... Hygiene and morals were a part of the instruction, and each pupil was taught for the first time to use a tooth-brush. Mr Washington often said that a tooth-brush was one of the ... about that this school which had started with a paltry $2000 a ... been and the ... in the determination of ... buildings, teachers, students, and ...

HOW BOOKER T WASHINGTON STARTED

MAKING LIFE HOME-LIKE FOR A LION

THE housekeeper for wild animals finds none of the monotony of which other housekeepers ... True, to a ... Ferocity, ... many), ... people, are good food, clean ... Wild animals, like ... and exercise only when ... by hunger. Wild animals also ... change of scene, and an animal ... is a ... to the zoo will ... But ... wild animals have ... a thrilling adventure for their ... keeper. For one thing, the lioness mother is likely to become so excited when her cubs are born that she kills and eats them ... and ... when, just before a performance, a trainer had turned his twenty-seven lions out into the runway back of the cage. ... of the largest and fiercest, picked a quarrel with a neighbor and in a minute the whole twenty-seven had joined the fray.

"Their trainer shouted, called their names, fired blank cartridges, and, when he had exhausted vocal and ammunition ... behind a narrow board which ... ostensibly be used as a shield. ... he finally made his escape, ... and ... paw inside and tore the flesh from ... were injured ... that the trainers had to drop ropes also ... their heads and paws and in this way drag them to the bars for ...

By such methods do wild animals provide thrills for their housekeepers.

SAD DAYS FOR QUEENS

A BRITISH major, presented to a woman whose name he did not catch began talking to the little ... "Poor ... a terrible fate of self-reliance and pale care." He tells of their ... dress and ... ...

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L C SMITH

The Diplomat

Republican. Republicanism was one of the basic virtues of the aristocratic system and Frederic Merrick had held his peace and let his belief go by implication. He knew that his statement would prejudice many of the men against him, he knew that it was put to him point-blank, in

A moment later he was on the defensive in a storm of protests, and stared at him as the impossible thing he said what most ostensibly braver would hesitated to divulge. He was silent because his father had so

he thought the Republican candidate for

was another name for organized thuggery, he thought. desires of an fifty thousand dollars ought to be taxed ten or twenty per cent Wall Street ought to be under jurisdiction; he thought the trade had just as much right as the Stock Exchange to dominate affairs. He didn't think that either of them was wholly fair to the public. he wouldn vote the Democratic ticket solely because if he did he'd lose his j

And he said many other things, any of which was apparently sufficient to render him undesirable to the company of Kenworth. Some of him taken in conjunction with earlier statements, seemed qualify Merrick as rather a sinister

did feel that, too. And when he finally stood up, somewhat shaken by it

e a help of course

On their march to the drawing-room steps one asked him what he thought of ld Bennet's latest book and h tell the truth, I don't know s

"What do you read?

e morning papers that's about all," said Merrick.

Roland Ivan Irving was making strange grimaces and looking at his watch

Mr Ri K and he very first dance with Miss Ruston and he acquired it at the expense of a verbal bomb-shell. One of the patronesses had brought a protégée —eased maiden who giggled, and the patroness, after waylayin a succession of Kenilworth young

an!" she beamed. "He a dea won't you? Don't you want to come and dance with poor little Maud Hastings?"

Merrick conjured his negative with a

," he said. "I've got

afraid not."

Well what three will you take with

'one at all," said Merrick. "You see g going to be booked solid."

patroness who was old enough knew better popu

n't believe you want to dance with You've j

digious mystery. "I haven't, but I'm going to. It's been four years since I followed my own millionaire scrupulously and I'm going through the whole evening with a selected list just for once. Some other time—you understand don't you?

only do," sniffed the patroness. "I used to think you were awfully unconfidential, Julian, but you're getting to be like everybody else. you pick out one pretty girl and who is you're specializing in

as Ruston, said Mer

"Every other number. I suppose

More than that if I'm in

here

lovely manners with a

hat Irving who had asked late for the fifth dan to volunteer to p

ng protégée, and took no pl

n being crowded with the lateels destined for his friend. Ipitated he was

lly grieved at hi

THE atmosphere of the bad-room was so humid that Merrick and Miss Ruston danced on the glass-inclosed s afterward they sat on the step

But first see and the coquette lone and the river and overlooked them

"I'm having a splendi and Miss Ruston, not at all dreamily

"Fair" and Merrick. "Only fair capt in the last ten minutes."

"Do you know why I like

He caught himself by a hair's-breadth.

"I

"You *do*"

"Well I have an inconceited of course but I've done my best to please

She looked at him and laughed happil

"That's it. Why this is the first time n Kenilworth that anybody's tal to me! Father used to tell blunt but somehow other ever since I was a baby I've liked to look people in the eye and be really

started

Merrick stared at her profile, and perienced an inward emotion that baffled him. Season after season he had gloried in his immunity, he had complimented himself that of all the junior set, he was ve of manly indepe

crazy

"I'm sorry to say that it's emotional," he said. "I'm beginning to wish it had

"But I'm enjoying every minute of it and the minute running ahead as do time and I've been waiting to know what on earth you meant by saying that society's bunk

"As I told you I'm condemned to he truth. It wasn't a very grateful thing to say, but, as long as I said it I'll stick to it."

Miss Ruston nodded appreciatively.

"Somehow, you're getting nearer and nearer to the sort of man I imagined you were. And even if it's the result of a mood it doesn't sound artificial either. You know, it wasn't a quarter of an hour after I met you before I made up my mind that you were unassuming. Weren't

"Why it depe

"Oh I won't tell anybody. I wouldn go of you be that. But you sort of anxious all the time

nonsense? Or are you just a trifle ill?"

I expected. he distant clash of

"Please tell me

Merrick h ed quickly at her and

"Why if I could do exactly what I want to, I suppose I'd have a little house of the suburbs, maybe down Bentbeetle or Granatan Hills, where people seem to be happy without much money—with an acre or two of land, and a workshop down

Miss Ruston was overwhelmin

"I suppose because it's hard to break

There's something else

a village li distinction to below.

"And by that

self to a lot of glit and glitter and just power along

"I haven said it's worth while. Now and then I think I don't

"The only things that are really worth while take a whole lot of worry," said Miss Ruston sagely. "You can't expect to get your coal and linen for nothi Only I couldn't ever be contented to a place like Kenilworth. It's all gold-plate

"I rather live where I don't feel like wearing smoked glasses. Mrs. Wilson a bien aimable to me, but—I don't want to hear a band playing all the time, and eat confectioner's sugar every night. And you don't eat as if you do

around New York," he told her. "you have to pay high prices for everything be in Kenilworth's an achievement m paying for ally proud of

"But some we said Miss Ruston they can't live

n treated

He wishes that Irving could have over- him

But you shouldn't be. You're not a

their aunt receptions how grand they are and and so

about you so I know that you're wasting hours of time and a lot of just to be included in things. This isn't town you ought to have been born in Youngstown. Out there you'd have been a big man. And here you're you're another tree in the background."

Merrick was agape at the fire of her earnestness. Simultaneously his heart skipped a couple of beats.

"But you know I'm here now—and—

"You're here now and you'll stay here until something upsets you. You say I drink and you know it's expensive. Wine with makes you sit back and gloat over it." Hontally Mr. Merrick, to compare the young men here with the young men one I mean for manliness—"

he said. "I get the point."

pertinent?

"No," said Merri

a bet wager I was wondering talk to me like this."

so tired of fluff that I feel body normal and you're the only other moderately normal person here to-night. And I'm just sure you're normal—and I couldn't be unless you were planning to do what you want to do, to live where you want to to spend your time and your money for

...dent. In the ... in charge of placement. What branch of it are you in?" Merrick asked.

"I'm not in any ... department. I'm a private secretary."

Merrick coughed apologetically.

"I beg ... to say," he stammered, "I wouldn't ... want to cut adrift—and hunt up a ... job of any ...

"Not ... agree with ... "What is the ... what ... he definite."

"If ... were ... up ... he will ... for the ... "

Money," he said, a ... "

"Money! All you talk about in the East is money."

"That isn't it. I haven't got it, and she knows."

"What ... difference does that make?"

"Well ... makes a good deal of ... ence," said Merrick ... ably.

"That's silly. What's she like? Is she a Kenilworth girl?"

"Er—no. Fairbanks ... "

"New Jersey."

"No, ... "

Miss Ruston was suddenly wide-eyed. "Where about in Ohio?"

"Youngstown," said Merrick bravely. "And I haven't a nickel ... my income ... out of my salary ... and she's an heiress. Do you wonder I can't do any better here at home ... and take it? I've lived it for ... but it's been a sort of balm to be with this crowd. I don't mind it ... more girls of the other kind. I can't afford to be married and have a home in Kenilworth. I've got to keep my place here and ... I can ... it ... in Featherstone in a seven-room house and ..."

Miss Ruston, who had become most ... solicitous and even ... pulled her hair and ... at it ... "I ... would be ... you ... to say ... boy of your ... abilities ... be afraid ... ... in Ohio. I ... you ... a ... better ... "

And ... repeated ... Merrick.

"Better?" she said, ... a catch in her voice. "Why ... who ... say that?" Miss Ruston ... like me and she need ... know ... another word ... for years ago ... who would ... to ... in ... unprofessional ... But I've been supporting myself ... for ... I've been an instructor in a girl's gymnasium ... taught in a boarding-school ... I ... those ... lessons."

The reason for not completing the course ... was that Merrick—awkward, ... sensitive ... suddenly kissed her ...

IN the club-car of the nine-twenty-five from Kenilworth two men sat smoking at the cross table. One of them, an amiable golfer named Rodgers, indicated a neat ... Dream of modern suburban cottage to the left, and shook his head sorrowfully.

"How ... people can live in such ... it passes like that," he said. "I can't understand. All the discomforts of the country and none of the advantages of the ... I've ... with a certain ... I guess ... old ... Merrick," he ... "but ... that sort of dump, won't he?"

His ... who was named Irving ... replied in a ... voice.

"Never ... on earth?" Wouldn't have ... power ... of ... I ... would ... "

Rodgers ... "I ... saying about ... "She ... wouldn't have suspected ... always thought Julius was ... blamed dope ... He couldn't make a girl ... care ... to ... "Poor ... Rodgers ... "But ... night ... dinner ... ... and ... the ... with ... ... and ... ...

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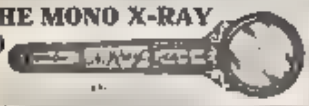

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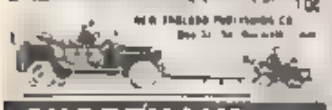


SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

MEN WANTED
BECOME A STENOGRAPHER

The Sport of Kings

continued from page 10

n't belong to the big association. Owners a n't penalized for running. Both strings break. But if any big scandal crops out

ation will be barred from the metropolitan tracks. That means racing will stop both. Foh the public won't play a crook that's got too bad a name. The

organization will own the tracks, sabe, understand, neh?"

I was beginning to—clearly. But how

There was color on his old cheeks and shame in his voice as he answered.

"Mistuh Kernan, yoh look dangerous to the man that run this track. Yoh've spoken yoah mind freely about things that looked off colah to you befoah to-day. And aftah yoh left the stand to-day Hoit

k did some talking

"Exactly, suh. They ain't fo know yoh ain weak-kneed. They know yoh wasn't finished with hom when yoh stand to-day."

ughed—bitterly

hold me too highly

self, for what you've d

in leaving the State to-nigh

me, what?"

"Wouldn't I be a fool to sta

"But yoh ain't asked me why yoh should se the one picked on foh the gos

"Because I'm able to talk

T

n man, yoh came to Florida be- Miss Leland. I'm in yoh eyes. men like me to see. And now—are yoh goin' to lay down an' let a boun pass yoh and win? Yoh haven't asked why they picked on yoh! I'm tellin two birds can be kill

ved Miss Leland's horses she hated yoh, and yoh were weak bu Maybe she showed an maybe others saw that in the hour that wanes b

"Yoh may draw yoah own conclusions, Mistuh Kernan," he said. "I—won't say what I can't prove, but yoh have maybe yoh can use them. And yoh a eatin, too. I not yoh friend I didn't get make yoh run away. I thought with yoh'd fight better. But Pom Leland was friend too. If I was piope in this world I'd go to Miss Leland to-morrow to-night—and I'd tell her what I suspect. But I'm not alone in this world. Think

hope another will fight take up. I've told yo run. Yoh know what the lady wi you, what are yoah rights and privileges Yoh can run away and ca—safe. Or yoh

good name chance of circumventin' the hoss who would dare drag yoh down, that he might

I

e gang of crooks who think they can run a blazer on Sar K rnan

But I can't stay. I'm through. I've signed as Miss Leland's trainer.

"Shucks!" said the Colonel. "If yoh ask her so fot yoh stay. Mistuh K

the hour of nin As co hell ceased tolling I

"Wait, Colonel," I sa Leland to let me stay. I can do more

left him. As I closed his door a man at the end of the corri or turned toward me. I recognized Blatz and he recognized

As I went downstairs I was glad the thought that Jerry and Colonel Bu master no a imagined has Roberts an land well didn't dislike me perhaps

SHE was at the fa chain of drea a piano was the party with which ained, while Dane was seated close to her. She seemed animated, gay. The glow of elation left

herself to Dane before she coward me. The smile that had

I'll go again Kernan," she sai

She made as if to pass me, but I stepped her with a touch on her arm.

"You—you needn't bother a Miss Leland," I told her. tinue—if you want me to

She looked inquiringly a me.

"Then I'm to take it that you w wrong in your charges this afternoon?"

"Not at all," I said.

"Then why—"

"Wrong in leaving growing red as hopeless. I've made a ra The horse is entitled to h hances. I'll stay—if you want me

"And your charge

Kernan. You cut short a successfu career on North, and now says that your charges are nonsens ufallible," I snapped.

"My jockey has confessed that he was ordered to whip the mare—by some on

—if I had irrefutable proof. I could not discuss the matter.

"I don't know—yet," I answered. "And—and Miss Le in—can I ask this any time

are not vitally t without ques

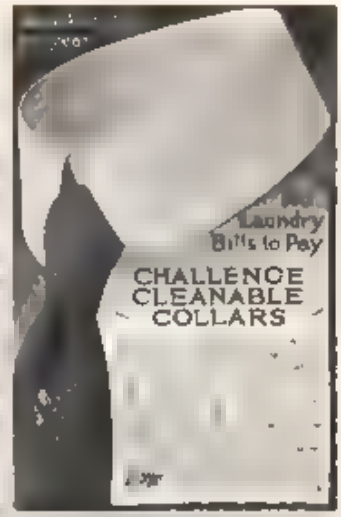
She glanced over her shoulder. Dane had apparently ersation with Mrs. Clarke and Mathews. having him, had noticed that his eyes, forever wandering, returned again

't get your check, K And—I thank you for a box of

"Gloves?" I echoed wonderingly.

"I—didn't think you were the —run away," she said. "And I—backed

she nodded, flushing a bit d that you'd not leave Gran



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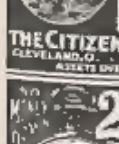

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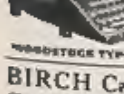

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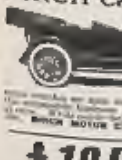

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"You wagered a box of gloves that I'd not leave you?" I asked hoarsely.

"The stable," she said.

Her eyebrows lifted a trifle, and the blush was gone. Her voice became businesslike:

"When do you plan to start Vivandière again? We're going to Stephanie on Sunday to stay several weeks."

"She's entered for next Saturday," I answered, "in the Hotel Stakes. If the beating she got to-day isn't on her nerves—well, she'll prove all I've said about her then."

Dane had been moving uneasily in his seat. Now he rose and walked toward us.

"You promised to play for us, Bobbie, you know," he said, ignoring me.

"So I did," she answered; "but it took a trifle longer than I'd expected to win my box of gloves."

And by that answer she won my gratitude, which is something entirely different from love. A good sportswoman!

"You're not leaving Grantham, then?"

"Not for a while," I answered coolly.

"Yes; work is hard to find—for a man barred from the turf," he said.

I didn't mind that. It must hurt him with the girl more than it could possibly hurt me. I began to feel that Mr. Dane was the sort of man who'd overplay a good hand if you let him alone.

I bowed to Miss Leland and started off. But she loved fair play too much to let me leave just then.

"Oh, Mr. Kernan," she smiled, "perhaps it would interest you to know that your check was not upstairs. I hadn't even written it."

She flashed a smile upon me, and started toward the piano with Dane. And I heard him say petulantly:

"Dence take it, Bobbie, it isn't good form to be so free with a—"

That's all I heard; but it was enough. Dane was jealous!

I walked on air as I entered the lobby.

"YE were afther leavin' wor-rd at the pisther show for me, sor?"

From heaven I brought my eyes down to earth. Jerry Kenney was before me.

"Come down to the bar and have something, Jerry," I invited.

We sat down at a little table, and drank to each other in silence. Then:

"Ye didn't go afther me to the pisther show just for this, sor," insinuated Jerry.

"No; I left word for you because I intended to start for Juarez to-night."

Jerry set down his drink; he looked at me; deliberately he spoke:

"For the sake of the Kernan pride, sor, what niver permitted them to let *nany* one run a blazer on thim, I hope ye'er mind is changed."

His voice and manner were whip-lashes. But I did not resent it. Jerry was my best friend on earth.

"Listen," I said. And then I told him of my conversation with Colonel Buckmaster.

"The buck is passed and we pick it up," he said. "'Tis you an' me again' them all, for the lady, God bless her!—and for ourselves, God bless us! And the divil fly away wid that dirty, crooked, naygur-consortin' dawg Dane."

"Neogr-consorting?" I queried. "What do you mean?"

Jerry spat into a cuspidor at his feet.

"What I say, sor. Don't he go visitin' the naygur forchune-teller out be the track? Him that gives the naygurs tips on the races? Him that says he's a voodoo an' has th' evil eye? Glory be, an' Gawd forgive me, but there's men come out of Ireland that's forgot more of the evil eye than anny black naygur iver dreamed!"

"You mean that Dane frequents that fortune-teller?"

"I don't know about his *frequintin'* th' place," admitted Jerry. "But I seen him goin'in there th'other night. I saw the light of the hall as the door was opened shinin' on his thief's face, bad scran to him!"

"Jerry," said I slowly, "I found Pete, our jock, in Vivandière's stall to-night."

"Did ye kill him?" demanded Jerry.

I told Jerry what had happened—what the boy had said. Then I asked:

"Jerry, what does a negro fear more than death?"

Jerry was not slow of thought. "Witches," he said.

"You've got it! Now, you get hold of that boy of ours! Some of the stablehands will know where to find him. If you can't get him to-night, get him to-morrow. And when you do get him—lock him in your room over the stalls, and, Jerry, don't you let him go—on your life."

Jerry rose.

"And what thin, sor, what thin?"

"The first punch," I said, "is often half the battle, Jerry. That's our first punch!"

"And it's started now," said Jerry. And he made for the door.

I walked over to the cashier's desk to have a bill broken, that I might leave what I owed and a tip on my table. Having done so, I started for the door leading to the lobby, and almost collided with the entering Dane.

"Oh, you Kernan," he said. "I want to talk with you. Come over and sit down."

"I don't believe you'll interest me," I told him coldly. "So I think I'll decline the invitation."

"Not if you're wise," he said.

"Oh, well, in that case—I've always wanted to be wise," I answered. "But I doubt if anything you may tell me will make me wiser."

He led the way to the table I had just vacated.

He had been drinking; not much perhaps, but enough to inflame one of his rather easily excitable temperament.

"Absinthe," he told the waiter.

It doesn't take much of that stuff to inflame any man. Into my dislike of Dane came a pitying contempt. The man who falls for that decoction is a victim of a drug habit, no less. Dane looked inquiringly at me. I shook my head coldly.

The waiter left us, and Dane did not speak while he was gone. Nor after his return did he speak until he had arranged his teetering dropper, and the water was trickling, a musical tinkle accompanying each drop, upon the absinthe-bathed lump of sugar in the bottom of the glass. Finally the glass was filled; he removed the silver dropper and sipped the drink. He put his glass down and looked at me.

"Kernan," he said abruptly, "just what did that nigger jock tell you?"

MISS LELAND, thinking no harm, had repeated to Dane my words about the jockey's confession. And the result had been that we were beginning to get out into the open; our cards were on the table. At least, they were getting there fast. I looked at Dane.

"Well, you heard me," he said angrily.

"Yes, I heard you," I said slowly. "You aren't a bit ashamed of admitting that you're a crook, are you, Dane?"

"I'll pass that remark—for the present," he said. "Kernan, Miss Leland told me what you said about your jockey."

"Too bad Miss Leland doesn't know you," I said. "When she does she'll be less generous with her speech."

He took a long drink; then he put his glass down and stared at me.

"It's only quarter past ten, Kernan," he said. "Fifty-five minutes more before the late train leaves. Kernan, take that train! You're not wanted in Grantham, Kernan, you've got to go."

His eyes grew suddenly narrow and his nostrils flared slightly. His lips twitched with the sudden violence of his anger.

Away back in a corner of my brain, I was thinking. Dane might fear exposure at my hands of his schemes, and so want to get rid of me. But, if this were so, how much better to disgrace me! Why drive me away, when by my staying he could ruin me in my profession for all time, and forever ruin me with Miss Leland? Why? I thought I know the answer.

Continued on page 23

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"Safe Stocks"

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

READERS of this magazine frequently ask for a list of safe stocks or other investments that will pay them 6 per cent. or more. A woman wants a short list of stocks upon which a bank might lend. A workingman wants to know how to invest small sums, such as $100, in a sound concern that bases its earnings upon normal prices rather than upon war conditions. Another wants to know if J. I. Case preferred is such a stock.

Several prospective buyers of Standard Oil "subsidiaries" want to know which to select. But perhaps the most interesting inquiry is that from a woman who has $500, and desires to buy four or five shares of stock that will pay more than 6 per cent., but are not to be considered as purely speculative. Yet she carefully states that she is not so conservative as to demand "absolute" safety.

To all these inquirers one suggestion that can be made is this: Get a newspaper that gives once a week a list of the "yields" of all stocks on the New York Stock Exchange. "Yield" means the net dividend return, considering the price paid. The *Evening Sun* and *Mail* on Saturday and the morning *Sun* on Monday are among the papers in New York City that regularly publish such figures. No doubt similar tables of prices are published by papers in other cities. Go down the list of preferred stocks and pick out those that pay 5 per cent. or more.

There are probably fifty or sixty such stocks. From this list half a dozen may be selected that return a high average income and average up well for safety. It is a simple, easy, obvious, and sufficiently safe way to invest. Most of these stocks can be classed as to safety without difficulty by any person who has even a small knowledge of finance, because they are well known and their prices are published frequently.

Prices are subject to constant change, although many good preferred stocks move rather slowly. Bearing this fact in mind, a partial list of preferred stocks with their "yields" early in December might have included Baltimore & Ohio to pay 5.41 per cent., American Sugar 5.81 per cent., International Harvester 5.83 per cent., United States Steel 5.76 per cent., and American Car & Foundry 5.98 per cent. All of these are to be considered ultra-conservative.

Among those paying between 6 and 6½ per cent. were Republic Iron & Steel, American Smelting & Refining, Central Leather, Goodrich, Mackay, National Lead, Studebaker, and Cluett, Peabody.

Baldwin Locomotive preferred, to pay 6.54 per cent., Pressed Steel Car at 6.80 per cent., United States Industrial Alcohol and United States Smelting & Refining, also at 6.89 per cent., and United States Rubber first preferred at nearly 7 per cent., along with Virginia-Carolina Chemical at 7.14 per cent., seem reasonably safe for a portion of one's funds. The same statement might be made of Willys-Overland preferred, which pays about 7 per cent., although all financial authorities are not unanimous in regarding the general automobile situation as sound.

American Woolen, and Atlantic, Gulf & West Indies preferred each pay more than 7 per cent., and certainly are attractive speculative investments, if nothing more. J. I. Case preferred, to pay nearly 8 per cent., and Deere preferred, to pay 7.32 per cent., may improve when peace comes. Another preferred issue to net 7 per cent. is Brown Shoe. This is one of the largest shoe manufacturing companies in the West. Maxwell Motors first preferred and United Drug first preferred, yielding 8.50 per cent. and 11.25 per cent. respectively, are more than mere temporary speculations.

The sensible thing for the investor to do is to study such a group of stocks as this, and then select one of the ultra-conservative, one of the moderately conservative, and so on down the list. In this way he will obtain a high average of both safety and income. As for Standard Oil stocks, good authorities believe there are still enormous profits to be made in them, provided the investor can afford to purchase such very high-priced securities and hold them against the inevitable market declines. Nearly all the Standard Oil companies are strong concerns and pay huge dividends. Among those often favorably spoken of are Standard Oil of New Jersey, Standard Oil of Indiana, Standard Oil of California, Prairie Oil and Gas, Atlantic Refining, South Penn. Oil, and Vacuum Oil.

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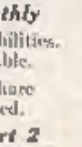

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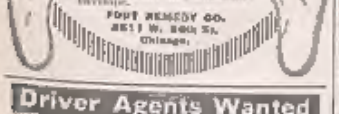

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FOR THE CRIPPLED AND DEFORMED

ADOLF LORENZ, OF VIENNA

Continued from page 21

Because he couldn't ruin me, couldn't hurt me with the girl, if I stayed! Because he was afraid of me, deep down in his crook's heart. Because he and whoever were behind him feared that I could give them a better fight than they could withstand.

"You haven't much time to decide, Kernan," he said.

I pushed back my chair. Not that I wanted any advantage, but because I didn't wish to be at a disadvantage when I gave him the fighting word.

"I don't need one second, Dane," I said; "I've said I'd stay. And let me tell you something; and you can go and bellow it all over this hotel if you want! I'm not going to be run off, but I'm going to run *you* off—you and every other dirty crook like you that sponges on the rottenness here!"

I was prepared to clinch with him on the spot. I didn't think he'd take it. Yet he did; smiled as he took it; and his smile was not forced. It seemed that he enjoyed my defiance, as if it coincided with some plans of his own. As if, despite his words, in his heart he really had not wished me to go. For his voice rang true as he answered:

"I'm glad, Kernan. I'm glad you're going to stay now, because—"

"Being a crook, you think you'll hand me something."

He bit his lower lip at the iteration of the epithet, and I saw the hand that held the glass tremble.

"Some day, Kernan," he said gently, "and not too far away, I'll call you to account for your talk. But just now—I've something better in store for you than a beating. The other'll come first. The beating—"

"Will never come," I sneered.

A FULL minute we stared at each other. His lips curled in a contemptuous smile. He met my gaze, and I knew that he was not afraid of me, that he counted himself as good physically as myself. He was no coward; that he took the fighting words from me without action merely meant that he could bide his time. I left him sitting there, sneering, beckoning the waiter. A mass of contradictions he was, and—he wanted a fight, it seemed. Well, I should try to give it to him.

I squared my shoulders as I walked upstairs to the lobby. It would take more than threats to whip Sale Kernan. And as I thought of the odds against me, which seemed to loom greater and more ominous every moment, I longed for Saturday to come. For then would come the issue. I had accepted the challenge. They'd try to ruin me swiftly—at once. And Saturday would give them their first chance. They'd take advantage of it and— A bell-boy interrupted my meditations in a great leather chair in the lobby. He handed me an envelope.

"In your key-box, sir," he said.

I gave him a coin and opened the envelope. The note within was from Colonel Bucknaster. It read:

My dear Mr. Kernan: I have just received a visitor who knows of your visit to me. He is suspicious, and wary of you. I trust whatever you may do can be accomplished without my aid.

How the mighty fall! The poor old man! I thought of him as I had heard my father speak of him, and as he was now. It was pitiful. His visitor—Ikey Blatz, undoubtedly—had frightened him with the possible loss of his position at the track, and—well, I tore his letter up. There was no possible help to be obtained from the Colonel beyond the information he had already given me. Nor could I blame him: he was old, and his daughter was blind.

I lighted a cigar. There was the negro fortune-teller, but—how could I make him talk, provided my rather far-fetched suspicions were true?

"Good-by, Mr. Kernan."

I looked up to see Ikey Blatz surveying me doubtfully.

"Going away, Ikey?" I grinned.

"Not me—but ain't you?"

"Rumors travel more quickly than contradictions, don't they, Ikey?" I asked. "No; I'm not leaving."

He glanced around, as if fearful that some one might overhear.

"You're a friend of mine, Mr. Kernan, and I don't vant trouble to touch you," he said quickly, dropping into the dialect that nervousness gave his speech. "I heart you vas going and I was glat. Now—"

"You're a friend of mine, Ikey, you say? Well, then, prove it! Just forget that you saw me this evening—upstairs."

He looked at me doubtfully. Whatever suspicions he'd had of my visit to the old Colonel must have been justified now. But I had to take the chance of his friendship for me to make him grant my request. For if he blabbed about my seeing the Colonel—well, it might cause trouble, *could* cause trouble for the old man.

"I don't know, Mr. Kernan," said the little bookie. "I don't think you realize—"

"I realize everything, Ikey," I interrupted. "My eyes are open. You needn't give me any hints; I don't want them. I'm going to stay here. Are you going to keep your mouth shut?"

He pursed his fat lips.

"It won't do any harm," he said at length. "Und the old Colonel—"

"If it will relieve you any," I said, "I'll tell you that Colonel Bucknaster's position is bigger to him than anything in the world. He'll take no chances of losing it."

"I'll say nodding," promised Ikey.

He half turned away, then faced me again.

"Mr. Kernan, take a friend's advice."

He stopped. Greed, his inborn crookedness, and his fear all combined to wage war upon his gratitude for my rescue of him back in Long Island City. Gratitude won.

"Don'd start your more on Saturday," he said.

Then he turned and left me. But I knew what he meant; he had given me the straight tip that on Saturday would come the enemy's blow. And Vivandière would be the medium through which the blow would strike.

WELL! Common sense argued with me; told me to withdraw the mare from the Hotel Stakes and wait until I had evidence before I took a chance. But if I withdrew the mare Miss Leland would want to know why. I could hardly talk to her of vague suspicions, of threats that Dane would deny, of the little things I knew, but that did not make for concrete evidence. Miss Leland would think me a queer sort of man, whining about "frame-ups" and that sort of thing. The buck was passed to me. I picked it up—this time for certain!

I went to the writing-room and swiftly wrote a telegram. But I did not send it from the office in the hotel. It wouldn't be very hard for Dane or any one else to get hold of that telegram if I happened to be seen handing it in. I left the hotel and walked down to the railroad station and turned it in there. It was addressed to old Sam Benton:

Send me ten thousand. If don't pay back in ten days will return New York square things with stewards and work for you one year without pay. Smiler Smith left here to-day for New York. Pick him up on arrival and note where he goes.

This last a desperate clutching at a straw of evidence.

Then I went to the hotel and to bed. In for a penny, in for a pound! Not only would I run Vivandière, but the bank-roll would go down! More than that, the Kernan pride—the pride that made us never retract what we had truthfully said—would be part of the wager. Yet I was willing to risk even that, though arrayed against me was the hidden conspiracy which I could not quite fathom. If the mare lost, I'd apologize up North. But on her best foot, and on my ability, forewarned, to see that she got a fair deal, I'd stake everything: borrowed money, my pride, my hope of winning Miss Leland. If Vivandière lost—

But I put that thought from me. She wouldn't lose.

To be continued next week

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Pompeian NIGHT Cream

FOR YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

Get More Sleep
Take Exercise
Drink More Water
Use "Cream" Nightly

But *before* sleeping, apply faithfully *every night* Pompeian NIGHT Cream. How else can you (when even granite itself suffers from wintry blasts) maintain a soft, smooth, fresh skin?

This soothing unguent, so pure, so white, so delightful and fragrant, is being used in preference to the highest priced cold creams by thousands of enthusiastic people. And no wonder! *For seven years* chemists experimented until they knew by actual test that Pompeian NIGHT Cream was a most unusual product. Then it was placed on sale—every jar and tube crammed with the experience of one of the world's largest manufacturers of face creams.

Good also for the dark, hard, "catchy" fingers of women who sew. Motorists' tubes, 25c; jars, 35c and 75c at the stores. Use coupon for sample.

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THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 69 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (stamps accepted, dime preferred) for a 1915 Mary Pickford Art Calendar and a sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Pompeian MASSAGE Cream

Skin not exercised becomes dead-looking, choked with impurities, or shiny with excessive oiliness. Pompeian MASSAGE Cream does what even our NIGHT Cream can not do—*mechanically massage* the skin as you rub it in and then rub it out again. Its benefits are lasting, though results are instantaneous—a natural glow comes to the tired cheeks, erasing care, leaving you with the fresh, healthy-looking skin of youth. Jars, 50c, 75c and $1 at the stores.

Pompeian HAIR Massage

brings health to the scalp and beauty to the hair. Stops Dandruff. Try sprinkling your scalp with a little of this delightful tonic today—it's neither oily nor sticky. 25c, 50c and $1 bottles at the stores.

Mary Pickford Calendar

This Art Calendar of Miss Pickford, the first she has ever permitted published, is exquisitely finished in colors. Size 28 inches by 7¾ inches. Send only 10c with coupon. A sample of Pompeian NIGHT Cream will be included.

(Cut off the coupon on the left side of this advertisement)

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 69 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio